BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1949

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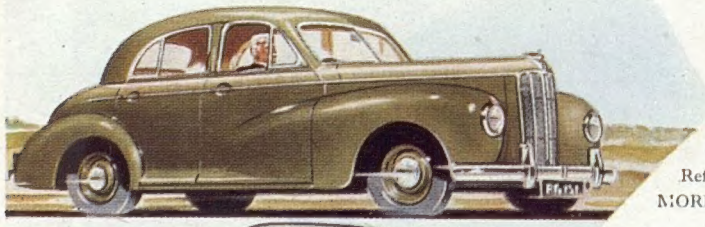

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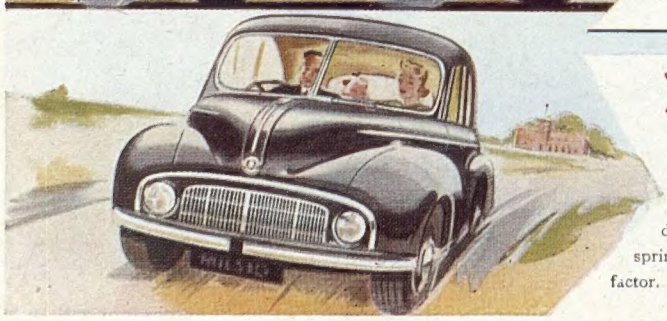

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 38 No. 1 JANUARY, 1949

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Cover Design
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Articles

Money Matters
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 13 and 54

Good-Bye Leicester Square
by *W. Macqueen-Pope*
Decorations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 14–15 and 58

Round To-morrow's Corner
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decoration
by *Jack Matthew* 16 and 56

They Learn By Night
by *Guy Livingston* 20 and 68

Historical Romances XXII
A Drama of Putney Bridge
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24

Going Racing?
by *Lena Ramsden* 25 and 70

Women's Dress in the Nineteenth Century 29

Books:
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 68

Home Section

The Long Or The Short Of It 33

What Price Elegance?
by *Anne Rawnsley* 34–35

Knitting:
Ruffle Stitch Blouse 36 and 66
Cable-Waist Cardigan 36 and 66

Country Outfits 37

Time for Tables
By *Winifred Lewis* 38–39

A New Deal For Babies
by *Len Challenor* 40

In Search of Glamour
by *Jane Gordon* 42 and 72

Seen In Passing 43

Health and Beauty
by *Chrysis*
Endearing Young Charms 44
Fresh as a Daisy 44
Back To Normal 45

Cookery
by *Harriet Muir*
Small Fries 46
The Children Entertain 47 and 72
What's Wrong With the Cabbage? 48
Notes on Nylon 48
Scarf Into Hood 51

Stories

You Bet Your Life
A triple story
by *Monica Dickens, Beverley Nichols and Rupert Croft-Cooke*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 9–12 and 52

Poor Uneasy Thief
by *R. J. Minney*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 17–19 and 62

Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On
by *Neil Bell*
Illustrations
by *Dudley Pout* 26–28 and 72

The Human Element
by *Norah Lofts*
Illustrations
by *Tony Weare* 30–32 and 70

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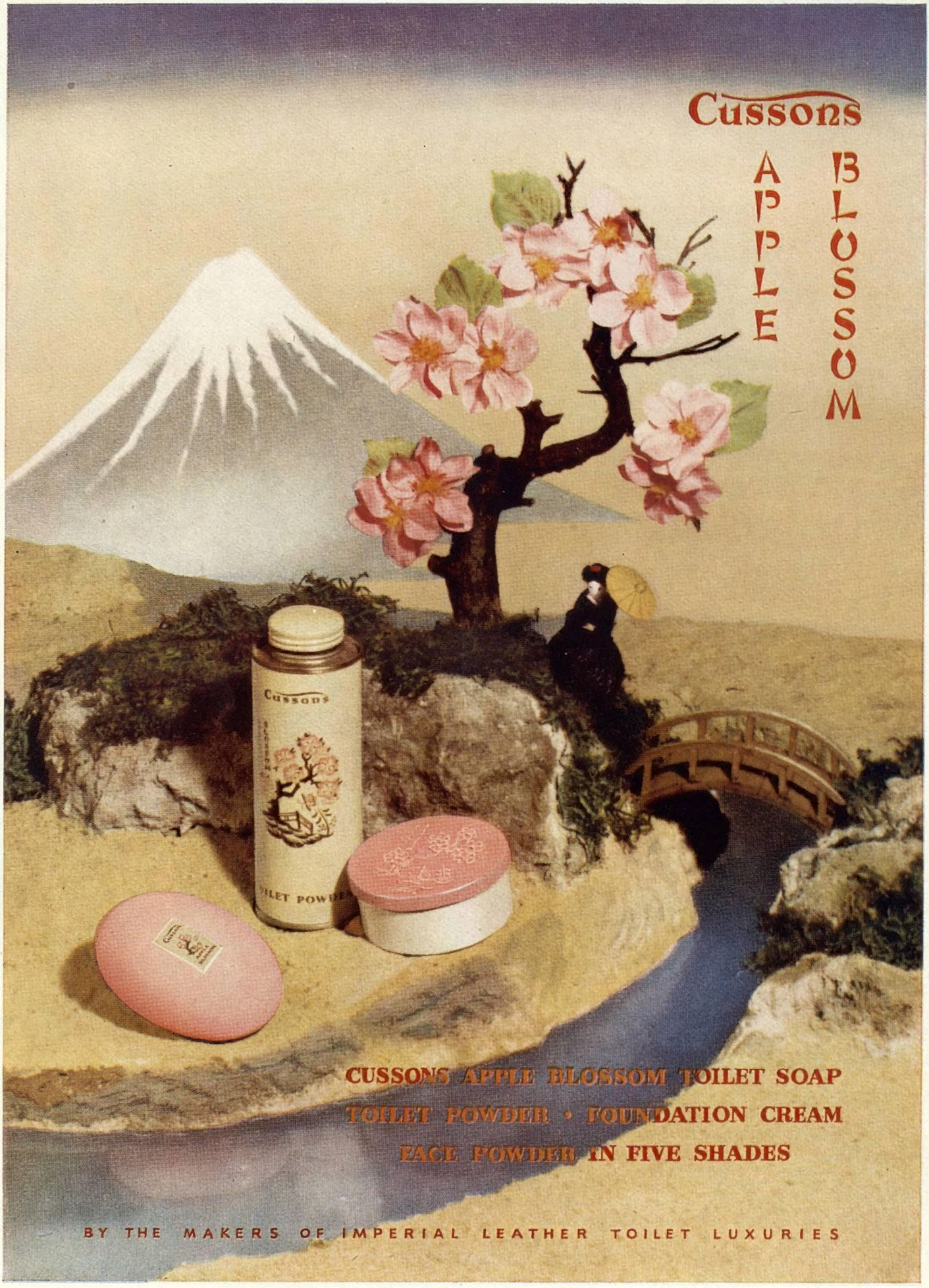

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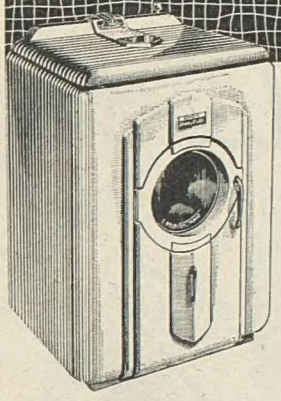

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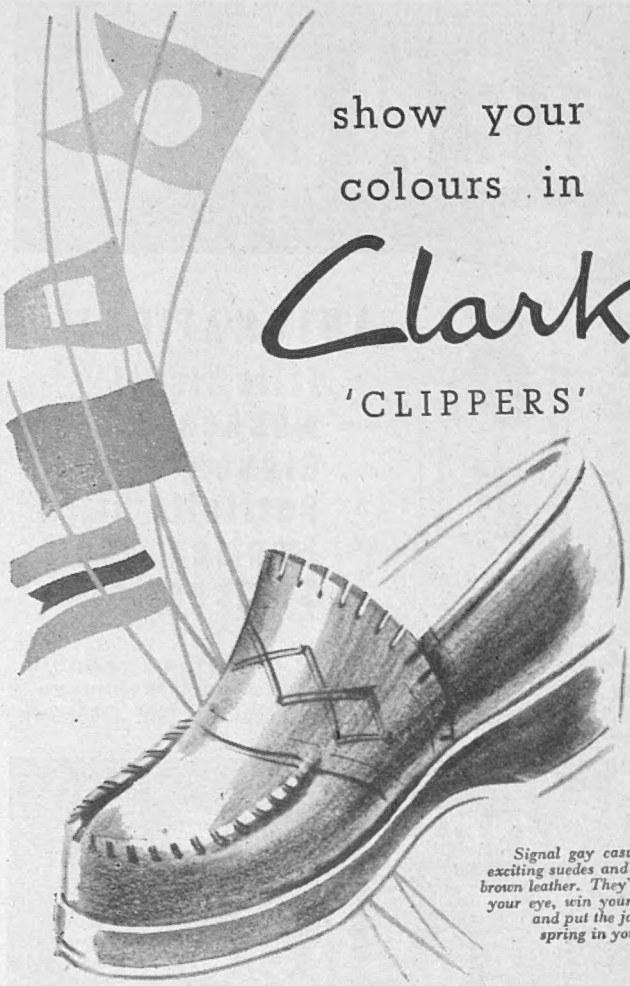

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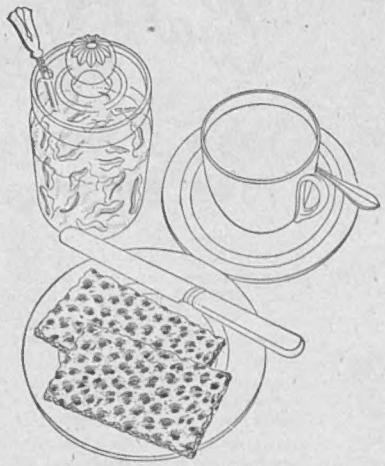

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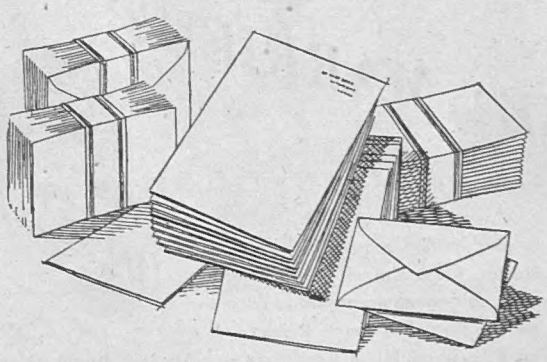

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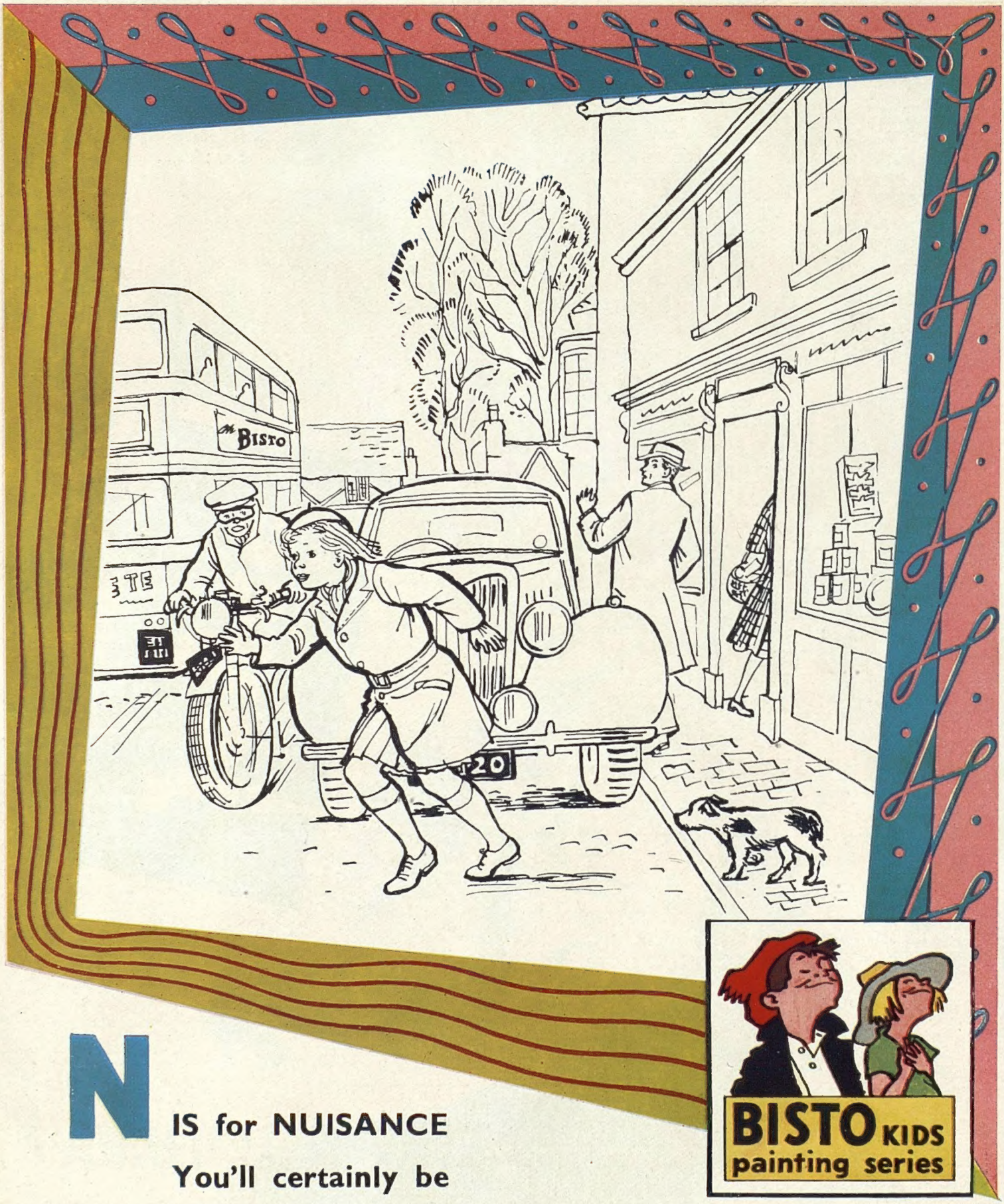

N IS for NUISANCE
You'll certainly be
If you think the road's clear
When you really can't see

Here you are children—see how nicely you can paint this picture—most of all LEARN the rhyme and teach it to your playmates.

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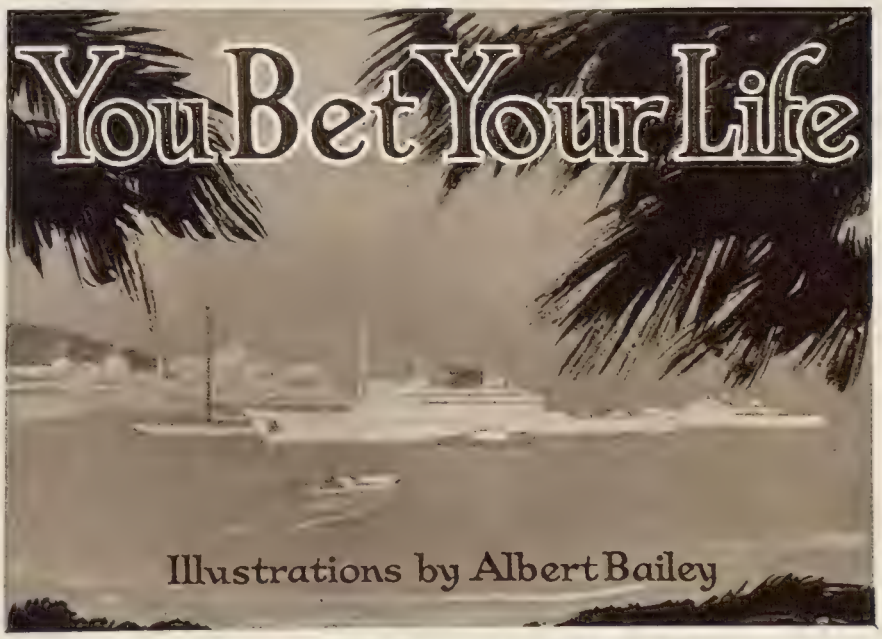
" You barmy ? " Ruby gaped. " They 'll fire you." " Let them," Anna replied. " I don't want their measly little money. I 'm going after the real stuff. I 'm going to Monte Carlo ! "



Three Authors In Search Of A Character

A Triple Story By

Monica Dickens Beverley Nichols And Rupert Croft-Cooke

MONICA DICKENS starts telling the story of Anna.

ONE day in the 1920's, that fabulous era when Europe was still a playground, when the younger generation could still describe themselves without irony as Bright Young Things and when lovely ladies were asked only to be lovely, one day in those pleasant deluded times, a young woman called Anna did something she had never done before. She made up her mind.

Anna was a cabaret dancer who had come to London from Poland to make her fortune. Her mother had died of under-nourishment soon after the war. Anna could dance ; she could act a bit—or thought she could—she could sing in a husky little unresonant voice that spoke sad, sexy thoughts in minds made misty after midnight by cheap champagne. She had long, dark eyes, jet hair and a clear white skin stretched tight over the high, hungry cheekbones of her race. There were plenty like her in Warsaw ; plenty of girls and not enough work, so Anna had come to launch herself on an enraptured England.

But England didn't care. After several weeks of nearly starving while she looked for work, she had landed a job in a second-rate Soho cabaret where she had to do four dances with the other girls, and one song by herself, which neither woke the sleeping customers nor stopped the others talking. The cabaret was called, hopefully, " Gay Vienna," but nothing gay ever happened there. Nothing much ever happened there at all ; not even vice. The pay was wretched, but at least it was a job. Anna might have gone on and on there, ever more listless and disillusioned, kicking her legs ever lower, like Ruby, the seedy old cabaret hack with whom she shared a dressing-room that should have been a cupboard. Nothing might ever have happened to her if a chance remark dropped by this same Ruby had not roused Anna to make up her mind.

THEY were dressing for their second number. Anna was grumbling and glooming away as she often did nowadays. Ruby, roughing her veined cheeks with a filthy rabbit's foot, said : " Oh, lay off, for God's sake ! Gets on a person's nerves, you moaning and moping away like Garbo. Don't be so foreign." Sweden or Poland ; it was all one to Ruby. " You sore about that Dave fellow ? He hasn't been around lately, I see."

" Oh, him." Anna pulled down the corners of her mouth. " I don't care. He 's no good to me. He 's almost as poor as I am." She still had a slight accent, though her English by now was fluent and versatile. She could talk classily with a classy customer, or hold her own in a slanging match with any chorus-girl in the West End.

" Gosh, how I hate to be poor ! " she said, stepping out of her shabby evening dress and hearing the seam go again. " I want clothes, jewels, perfume, a sable coat. I wish I could meet a millionaire. There must be some."

Ruby laughed. It was a horrid sound, and brought on her horrid cough. " In this joint ? If you want money, ducks, you 've got to go where money is. Sables don't grow on dunghills."

"Where do they, then?" Anna licked a finger and tortured her lovely black hair into the popular flat horns of those days.

"Lots of places. The Rivi-eera, for one. Monte Carlo; that's where you ought to go."

"Monte Carlo! I'd never get a job there," sighed Anna, who knew her artistic limitations.

Ruby laughed again, more coarsely. "Who said you would? You wouldn't go there for a job. You wouldn't need to, with all those rich Daddies around."

"But I don't know any of them."

"Take a look at yourself in the glass," Ruby said. "You soon would."

Anna looked. She half-closed her eyes; saw herself with diamonds in her hair, a lamé sheaf of a dress, orchids, a sable cape thrown carelessly back. Her delicate nostrils twitched to the intoxicating scent that rose from her snowy bosom.

It was then that she made up her mind. With eyes closed, swaying in a kind of dream, she asked: "Who do you suppose is the richest man who gambles at Monte Carlo?"

"Well, by what I read in my paper, it's Mr. Vandenrock. Lousy with the stuff, they say. Come on, ducks, we're on in a sec. Don't stand mooning there."

"Does he——" Anna asked, still dreamily, "does he like brunettes?"

"How should I know? He wouldn't have to if I was around." Ruby patted her brassy, wig-like hair, brittle with peroxide. Then, as Anna suddenly came out of her trance with a deep breath and a hysterical giggle, "Here, what are you doing, kid? You've got to get out of your clothes—not put 'em on. It's our artist's-model number!"

"I'm not doing any more artist's-model numbers, in or out of clothes," Anna said, scrambling into her coat and skirt and reaching for her hat, "or any other numbers, ever again. I'm off."

"You barmy?" Ruby gaped. "They'll fire you."

"Let them. I don't want their measly little money. I'm going after the real stuff. I'm going to Monte Carlo!"

And go she did. She sold everything she possessed, which didn't amount to much, but it was enough to pay her fare to the South of France and to buy one really gorgeous, breath-taking dress. The kind of dress the most blasé man might whistle at, before he remembered where he was. The kind of dress you'd hardly dare to wear, a once-in-a-lifetime dress, a dress in which you staked your all. And this was right, for Anna was staking her all. She was gambling everything she had on Mr. Vandenrock.

Anna, in accents which reflected the highest credit on her elocution master, retorts: "There is no man in this Casino, Monsieur, who is rich enough to pay my bills"

AT Monte Carlo she booked a room in the best hotel—for one night only. She had just enough money left for that. To-night, she was going to the Casino. If she lost, she would not be here to-morrow. If she won—well, then, ah, then, of course, she would be moving into a better room. The finest suite in the place.

She passed it on her way downstairs. A waiter was wheeling silver-covered dishes in on a trolley and she peeped in after him. A rich old woman was reclining her short, fat legs on a settee, with a face prepared to belittle whatever delicacy the waiter had brought.

"You'd better enjoy it now," Anna thought, "because you'll have to turn out to-morrow. I shall be in there having silver dishes wheeled in. If I win. . . . When I win . . ."

She was early at the Casino. Only the little people were there, the people who were there all the time, staking small sums in a drugged, inevitable way; never winning very much, losing everything sometimes; getting a little more from somewhere and going on, unable to stop.

People stared at Anna. She burned inside, but her white magnolia skin, poised head and gliding dancer's walk betrayed nothing. She found the high table, where the lowest stake was 1,000 francs. Play there had not yet begun, for the big gamblers did not come until later. The real money did not flow until the daylight had quite ebbed away, surrendering to the lights of Monte Carlo.

THE croupier was smoking a cigarette. Nonchalant, he saw fortunes made and lost. He saw people drunk with wealth one night and drunk with despair the next. He had seen men walk out to suicide. Money was nothing to him.

He tossed a 10,000-franc plaque carelessly up and down and hummed a cheap little French tune.

Anna was scared of him, but she fixed him with a haughty eye and clapped her hands tight on something that she held to stop them trembling. She knew that the seat next to the croupier was by tradition the best.

" Be good enough to reserve this seat for me," she told the croupier in her classiest voice, with no more emotion than if she had been choosing a seat in a bus.

The croupier stood up and stubbed out his cigarette, raising his shoulders and spreading his hands like someone acting a Frenchman on the stage. He was an Armenian, but visitors expected him to behave in a Gallic way. He desired to give every satisfaction.

He regretted *infiniment* that he could not give satisfaction to Anna. "But that seat is always reserved for Mr. Vandenrock," he said, with a hint of reproof, as if Anna should know.

"*Tiens!*" said Anna, not to be outdone in Gallicism. "How tiresome! I had a feeling that it was lucky. Never mind. I'll reserve this one next to it."

"But, Ma'moiselle——" The croupier hesitated. He did not know Anna. She looked the goods, but anyone might look anything at Monte Carlo. Criminals might look like dukes. Duchesses might look like washerwomen (and sometimes did, if they were of old enough lineage). Anna pretended not to notice his hesitation. "I'll leave this 5,000-franc plaque to keep the seat," she said, and held out to him as if her finger-tips could hardly deign to touch it the plaque on which she had staked her last and final all; the little disc for which she had sold the emerald ring that was the only thing her mother had to give her just before she died . . .

And here BEVERLEY NICHOLS takes up the story as he believes it happened . . .

LET'S take a quick look at Anna before we go any further. What's the first thing you'd notice about her?

Well, I suppose most men would go for the obvious things like her eyes, or her figure, or her lips—but I would point to something quite different—I would point to her tiny little ears. Ears are not generally supposed to be objects of special beauty; poets don't often write lyrics about them, and most women, studying their reflection in the glass, decide that the best thing to do about them is to cover them up. But Anna didn't cover them up. She drew back her hair so that all the world could see them. For those ears were not only tiny, not only exquisitely carved, they were of a most charming shade of rosy-pink, like the tint that you see on some of those shells that you can still pick up on lonely beaches in Cornwall.

But perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned Anna's ears at all if they hadn't played an important part in our story. For Anna, you must realise, had not only a short-term plan, which was to meet Mr. Vandenrock, but a long-term plan, which was to keep him, and she had at least learnt one lesson in life—perhaps the most vital lesson that any woman can learn—namely, that the way to keep a man is not to make love to him, nor even to feed him, but to listen to him, day in and day out, however boring she may find him in her heart of hearts.

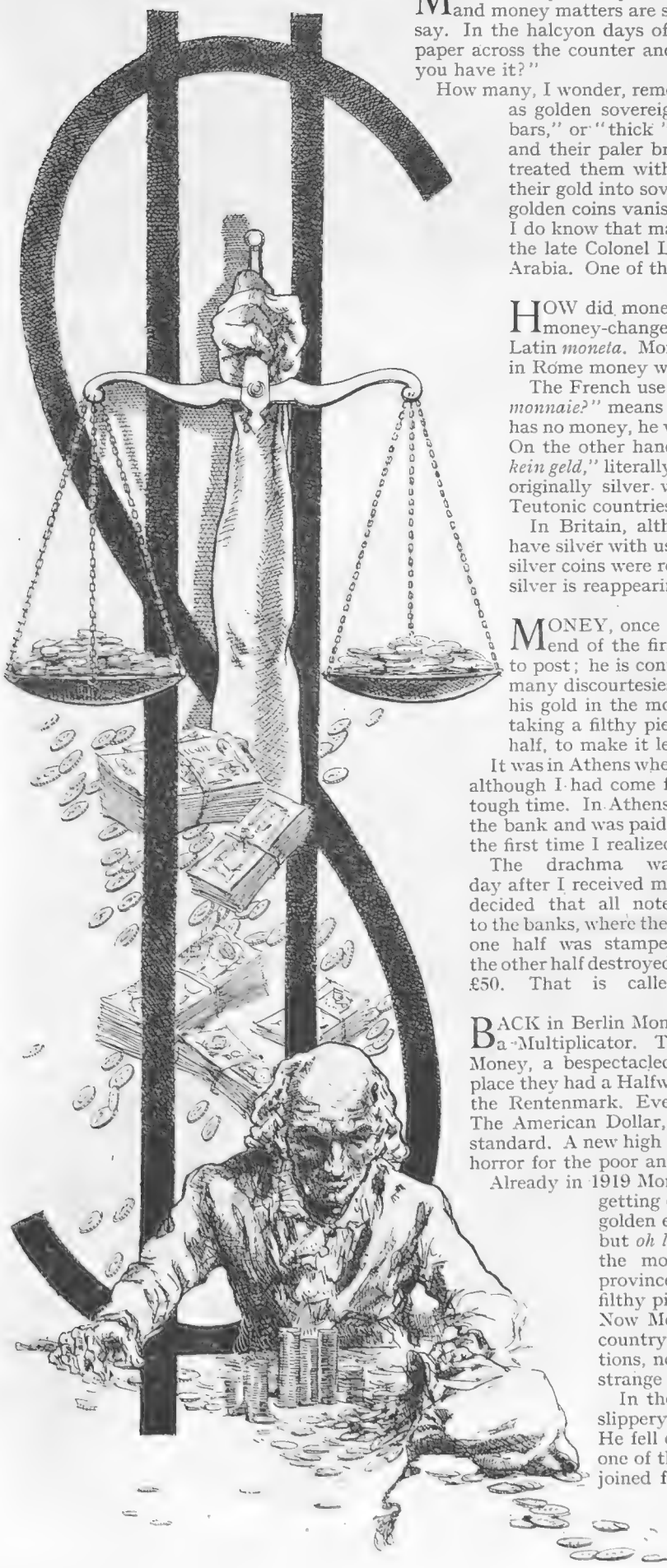
Anna had been forcibly reminded of this lesson that very night. For after she had reserved her place at the high table and had filled in the time by sipping a Vermouth in the bar—it was the cheapest drink on the menu—she went into the restaurant to dine, and there, close by her in the corner, was Mr. Vandenrock himself, and with him was a young lady of quite exceptional attraction, who was wearing about as heavy a load of diamonds as it is possible for any single young woman to support without actually sinking to the ground. In spite of the charms of this creature, Mr. Vandenrock looked exceedingly bored, for the simple reason that she, and not he, was doing all the talking. And that was how it always was. None of his young ladies would ever *listen* to Mr. Vandenrock. Sooner or later they all talked themselves out of his life. Well—Anna made up her mind that she was not going to be one of those young ladies.

But first she had to meet him.

(*Continued on page 52*)

The young English doctor, who was having a week's holiday at his aunt's villa, but had escaped because he could not bear his aunt any longer, was emboldened to ask Anna to dance

MONEY MATTERS



MONEY may or may not be the root of all evil, but most certainly money matters, and money matters are subjects of deep interest, despite what the moralists have to say. In the halcyon days of George V one strolled into a bank, pushed a slip of pink paper across the counter and waited for a smiling cashier to ask casually: "How will you have it?"

How many, I wonder, remember those tinkling cascades of gold, referred to reverently as golden sovereigns, but with less reverence as "Jimmy o'goblins," "'alf bars," or "thick 'uns." There were the orange gold coins minted in London and their paler brethren from Australia, but whatever their natal state, we treated them with no particular respect, although our grandfathers slipped their gold into sovereign cases, themselves of gold. It is curious how all those golden coins vanished from our ken. I do not know where they *all* went, but I do know that many hundreds of thousands of them were taken in charge of the late Colonel Lawrence and paid over to various sheiks in the deserts of Arabia. One of the pillars of wisdom, one supposes.

HOW did money come into the world? We read of the Lord chasing the money-changers from the Temple, but the word money comes from the Latin *moneta*. Moneta was the surname of the Goddess Juno in whose Temple in Rome money was coined.

The French use the word *monnaie* to mean small change. "*Avez-vous de la monnaie?*" means "Have you change?" But if a Frenchman wants to say he has no money, he will say: "*Je n'ai pas d'argent,*" literally, "I have no silver." On the other hand, a German explaining he has no money says: "*Ich habe kein geld,*" literally: "I have no gold." Are we correct, then, in deducting that originally silver was the medium of exchange in France and gold in the Teutonic countries?

In Britain, although we have long since said good-bye to gold, we still have silver with us, but over in France first they lost their gold and then their silver coins were replaced with aluminium, as they were in Belgium, but there silver is reappearing.

MONEY, once a devil-me-care fellow, fell on evil days directly after the end of the first World War. Since then he has been pushed from pillar to post; he is controlled, exiled, put into strait-jackets and treated with very many discourtesies, ill becoming his rank and station. When Gaspar counted his gold in the moonlight, there was romance in the clink of it, but imagine taking a filthy piece of paper and a pair of scissors and clipping the note in half, to make it legal tender. Yet I witnessed that happen.

It was in Athens where I first saw that gay fellow, Money, treated contumeliously, although I had come from Berlin where Money was already beginning to have a tough time. In Athens I had had £100 transferred to me from London. I went to the bank and was paid in drachmæ. I had many bundles of very dirty paper; for the first time I realized the meaning of tainted money.

The drachma was falling, falling, and the day after I received my £100 the Government decided that all notes must be forthwith taken to the banks, where they would be cut in half; one half was stamped with an official stamp; the other half destroyed. So my £100 became £50. That is called deflation.

By
Harry J. Greenwall

BACK in Berlin Money was having a worse time. They now had a thing called a Multiplicator. The old Reichmark was declared valueless; poor German Money, a bespectacled fellow with a closely cropped head, was exiled. In his place they had a Halfway Mark, he was a stand-in while Stresemann was preparing the Rentenmark. Every day at 3 p.m. the Multiplicator came into operation. The American Dollar, he wore horn-rimmed spectacles, was the Multiplicator's standard. A new high or low rate appeared and prices changed. That added a new horror for the poor and a new spice in life for the rich.

Already in 1919 Monsieur Monnaie in Paris was getting dizzy and he has been getting dizzier and dizzier ever since. Once upon a time Monsieur's golden effigies were hoarded in the French peasant's lisle stockings, but *oh là-là*, what indignities! During the first war Monsieur saw the most dreadful caricatures of himself, particularly in the provinces where there were such things as cardboard francs and filthy pieces of paper, both issued by local chambers of commerce. Now Monsieur is in a very low state of health and although his country calls in many doctors who write him innumerable prescriptions, nothing seems to revive him, but still, let him remember the strange fate of his old friend, Senhor Escudo, in Lisbon.

In those days when Monsieur Monnaie began to slide down the slippery slope, his Portuguese friend was known as Senhor Milreis. He fell on his face, and what a fall was there! My, oh my. During one of the many revolutions during this period, the sailors who had joined forces with the croupiers from the gaming houses, decided on a little deflation, so they warned the banks that unless the milreis improved in relation to the pound and dollar, the banks would be blown up. The milreis improved.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Decorations by
Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

Good-Bye,

WHEN I was a young man I heard a "Sister" act sing, at the old Oxford Music Hall:

"We've been and seen
The City o'er the Sea
Where the ladies are so shocking
Showing heaps of leg and stocking;
Now we've been there
We really must declare
That Gay Paree's a Sunday School
Compared with Leicester Square!"

That's what they sang and they got applause for it. It was true, too. I am a Londoner, not by birth, but by long adoption. I have spent the best part of half a century in and around Leicester Square. I have seen it at all sorts of times and under all sorts of conditions, in war and in peace. I have also seen it change its appearance, for London is always doing that. I worked in it for a number of years, my office window looking across the trees to the Alhambra.

Some years ago, when those plane trees and poplars were in danger of destruction, I raised such a fuss, with the help of a sympathetic Press, that I saved them. It was, for the greater part of the time we have been acquainted, the centre of the night life of London.

It was a very naughty place indeed. Its fame, as such, was world-wide. Knowing foreigners would wink, leer and say "LI-ces-ter Square. Ah!" And leave the rest to the imagination. Despite the fact that two famous drapery establishments stood there, any mention of it, as between ladies and gentlemen, was carefully avoided. Ladies would go to those drapers, during the day, under heavy escort, or in convoy. They would never venture into the Square at night, even to go to the Theatre, without a protective male. The ladies whom you would see in the Square unescorted had no desire to be in that condition. Their idea was to find an escort, even if he was a stranger until he met them. It was all most disreputable, reprehensible and exciting. It was also a very different place. The combination which made its whole was quite extraordinary but very typical of the higgledy-piggledyness which has always been characteristic of London.

In its heyday—after it had shaken off its resemblance to a rubbish-dump and got rid of the equestrian statue of a German king which stood in its centre—it contained two world-famous music halls, a theatre, a convent school, shops, an old-established firm of brewers and wine merchants, the two drapery emporiums aforesaid, a hospital, and the offices of another, a theatrical costumier's, a violin manufacturer's, shops of various kinds, offices, an actors' club, a celebrated firm of billiard table manufacturers in whose saloon wonderful games were played, hotels, pubs, restaurants and cafés. And to level matters up, or make them more confused, a school as well. A pretty mixture.

Its inhabitants, if such a word can be applied to those who frequented it daily, were of a different stamp to those you would find in other parts of London. There was an atmosphere of Bohemia about them, for they were actors and actresses, theatrical and music hall folk, a small sprinkling of foreigners—and the ladies of the town, most of whom were foreigners, too.

On the seats in its central garden, round the statue of Shakespeare, could be found down-and-outs resting from their never

Their idea was to find an escort, even if he was a stranger until he met them

(*On left*) An impression of Leicester Square in the 1890s

Leicester Square

By W. Macqueen-Pope

ceasing idleness, and a few foreigners eating their lunch in the open air, amongst the London sparrows and pigeons.

It did not wake up very early and it never got into its stride much before midday, for its frequenters were night birds, who laboured after dark like the owl, only in a very different manner—but perhaps in some instances not so different after all, for the owl is predatory.

But at nightfall it underwent transformation. When the sun went down and the lights came out, that was the time for Leicester Square. Then its pavements were thronged with pleasure-seekers, with sporting gentry, with men of all ages who had come "up West" for the evening, and with the people who were going to administer their pleasure to them.

Hansoms, four-wheelers, and smart carriages rolled by, setting down at the theatres, the music halls, the cafés. Everyone was well dressed—you never wore informal attire in the West End, everyone at least looked happy. This was a part of the delectable land of Bohemia although it might be part of London, too. No buses or public vehicles invaded its precincts—commercialism (save for entertainment) was taboo after dark—Leicester Square was the pulse of London's life stream of pleasure, a glowing, exciting, enticing land of adventure.

Men in evening dress, in frock-coats, in morning coats, all top-hatted, men in lounge suits and bowlers, or straw hats according to the season, trod the pavements, went in and out of the pubs and the night cafés, laughed, joked, ate and drank. But nobody would have consumed ice cream in the street. They would not even have smoked a pipe. It was "not done." And threading their way amidst the masculine crowd, unmistakable in their carriage and their walk, their direct gaze, the costume and their "make-up," went the ladies of the town who were one of the sights of Leicester Square. The Empire had the pick of them in its promenade, the Alhambra had the second rank and the rest walked steadily on their beats, from Charing Cross Road, across the top of the Square past what once had been Leicester House, "the pouting place of princes," dropping in at the Café de l'Europe (not the present restaurant of the same name, but underground), the Provence, the Leicester Lounge—as far as Piccadilly Circus and back. Another wave met them there who walked Piccadilly and seldom went into the Square. Like birds of prey and predatory animals, they had their beats and stuck to them. Nobody could mistake them—they were recognizable at a glance. There was a gay time to be had, and much to be drunk at all the places—men had their favourite places of call, for some it was downstairs at the (*Continued on page* 58)

Everyone was well dressed—you never wore informal attire in the West End

Round To-morrow's Corner

By C. Patrick Thompson

GOLD key in hand, the Pope waits before the great sealed door. The long minute hand of the clock touches the figure XII. Murmur and movement cease among the throng at the back of the tall, robed figure. The bell of St. Peter's begins to toll. Midnight, December 24, 1949. The Pope inserts the key in the lock, the seals break, the door swings open, Pope Pius XII steps through into the Holy Year beyond—the first year of the third quarter of the twentieth century.

In the olden time this ceremony, which occurs a year hence, happened only twice in one century. But fifty years proved too long for the comfort of the human imagination. It was too close to a whole lifetime. In its human wisdom the deathless Church therefore quartered the century. Life and the pace of change moved slowly then.

But two centuries ago scientific discovery began to quicken the pace. Almost the whole of the world as we know it now is the product of the last century-and-a-half. Man has made more material progress in those 150 years than in all the thousands of years that preceded them. Over the last decade the velocity of change accelerated enormously; and over the next quarter-century the pace is likely to compare to that of the preceding quarter as supersonic aircraft and stratospheric rockets compare with Spitfires and ground-gun shells, which seemed so swift in 1940, but now, at the decade's end, by comparison look slow.

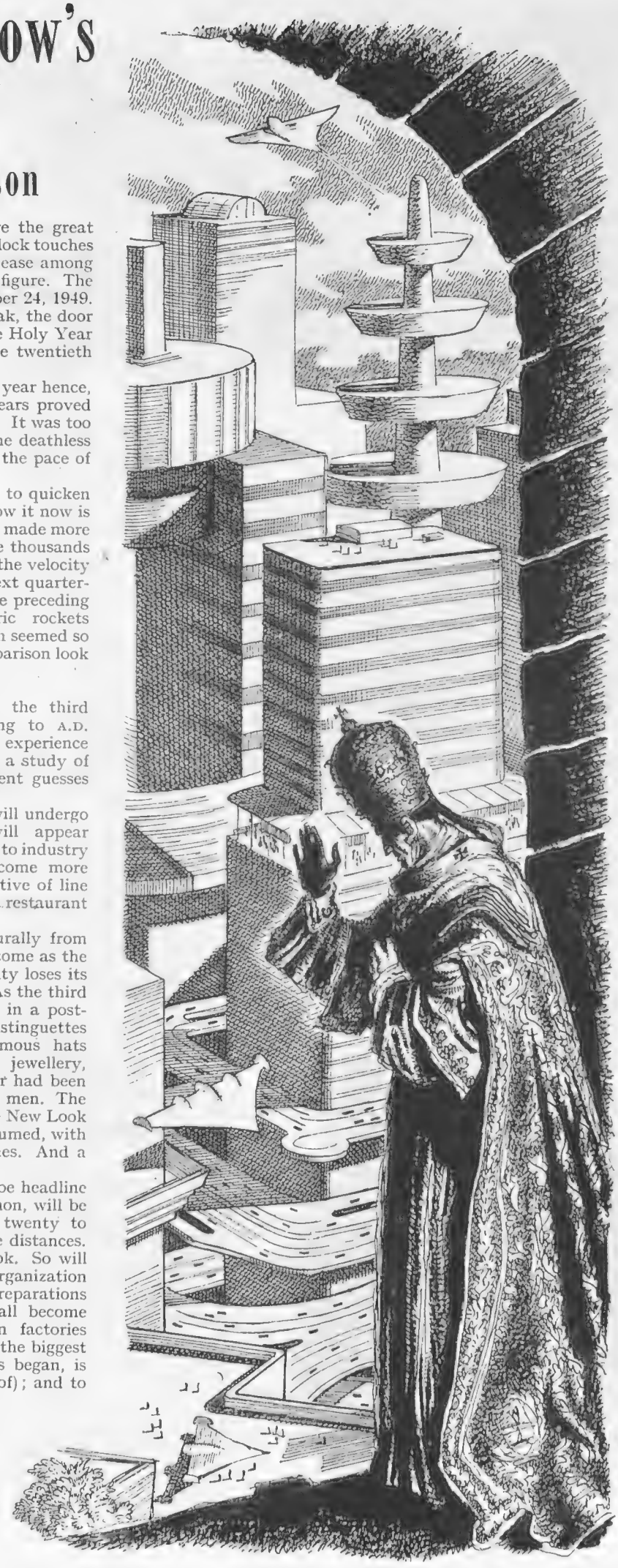
THAT kind of world awaits us at the end of the third and fourth stages down the corridor leading to A.D. 2000? We don't know, and on the time side past experience shows that one can be all out of focus. But from a study of more or less sharply defined trends some intelligent guesses can be made.

One can see that in external aspects our world will undergo considerable and exciting changes. Things will appear pleasanter to the eye as art is increasingly harnessed to industry through the industrial designer. People will become more conscious of beauty, more discerning and appreciative of line and colour in a car, a radio set, shoe, frock, a ship, a restaurant chair, a jewel setting, a lamp or a cooking stove.

The New Look on women will tone down naturally from freakish fashions to normal femininity. This will come as the reaction from female wartime uniforms and austerity loses its early violence. It's an old and recurring pattern. As the third decade of the nineteenth century opened, women, in a post-war reaction, dressed themselves like so many Mistinguettes on the Folies Bergère stage. They wore enormous hats festooned with flowers, bright taffetas, romantic jewellery, pompons and tassels. Women during the last war had been approximately in looks and activities too closely to men. The healthy differentiation between the sexes, which the New Look at first emphasized to a ludicrous degree, will be resumed, with all the old fal-lals and artifices, and some new ones. And a gayer time will perhaps be had by all.

Aircraft that fly faster than sound will cease to be headline news, and jet-propulsion, now a military phenomenon, will be applied to civil aircraft, cutting anything from twenty to thirty minutes off each hour of present-day airtime distances. Airliners will be larger and will take on a new look. So will airports, as the civil and military sides of air organization gradually merge under the pressure of defence preparations for a possible new "press-button" war. We shall become accustomed to the phenomenon of subterranean factories and machine-shops, maybe even power houses too (the biggest Norwegian generating station, which the Germans began, is buried under a mountain, and is atomic-bomb-proof); and to the presence in our island of an advanced striking force of the American air fleet. The annual list of new inventions, discoveries and techniques will lengthen.

But our estimates and guesses as to what some of the latter portend may be as much out in the future as in the past. Drop back twelve years, to the week of 1936 when a chemist in California (*Continued on page* 56)



SHE examined the contents of the wallet on her bed

Poor Uneasy Thief

Remorse Is The Hardest Punishment Of All

By

By R. J. Minney

YOU who have never been tempted are in no position to judge her, for temptation closes on one's thoughts with a crushing iron-claw grip.

Veronica fought desperately against it. She looked away . . . struggled to prise her mind off it on to something else . . . But it was inescapable.

There was the red raffia bag, hanging from a red raffia strap from the shoulder of the small, plump woman in front of her in the shop. To get it out of the way, the woman had elbowed it behind her, so that it rested on her large, round buttock; and, as she thrust the red wallet in after extracting a note, the flap of the bag caught against the red raffia strap and remained up, and the wallet lay exposed—fat, inviting, extremely easy to extract.

She deserves to lose it, the girl thought, in the spell of the temptation. Struggling still against it, she looked around: there was no one else near. She prayed that someone would come in. At the door a man stopped, but it was only to refold his evening paper. He read for a moment, then shuffled on. The elderly woman on the other side of the counter turned away to fetch something from a shelf behind her. Then slowly the bag came up towards the girl, closer and closer, rising towards her hand, as the plump little woman stooped to examine some tomatoes in a basket on the floor.

If she put her hand out she could touch the wallet. She wondered if it was as easy as it looked; but, at the touch, her fingers closed round it. The woman stood up instantly and half turned. Did she sense that someone had touched her? The woman smiled and said: "I'm sorry," then turned again to the counter. It was too late now to put the wallet back.

Across the counter the gaunt old shopkeeper passed the packet of salt and the bottle of vinegar. The note was given in payment and the plump little woman, calling back pleasantries about the weather walked out of the shop with her parcels.

It was *her* turn now. "Yes?" said the woman at the counter; but Veronica wasn't quite sure what she wanted. It was difficult to remember what she had come in for. But she could buy now the strawberries so invitingly displayed, and a tin of grape fruit, and tomato juice. . . . There were so many things she had wanted for so long which she could buy now.

Heavily laden, she walked out of the shop. She had caught a glimpse of

Illustrations by Frank Lea

some five-pound notes in the wallet, as she made her payment—and there was a cheque, too, and some papers. She dared not examine any of it till she got home. With her head lowered, as though in shame, she hurried out and quickened her footsteps to her room in Oakley Street.

She reflected that luck seemed to gather like clouds: a patch of good luck—or of bad: it all came together instead of being spaced out evenly, so that one might, as the saying went, take the rough with the smooth. An artist's model was not too old at twenty-eight. She had a perfect figure, she knew. Her face, perhaps, was not pretty, but she could make it look attractive, and had.

But artists did not seem to be wanting models at the moment. For some weeks now, when they passed her in the King's Road, they stopped to talk and said: "I'll give you a ring as soon as I've finished the thing I'm working on. It'll be another ten or twelve days. . . ." But the days had become weeks and she looked at the telephone, no longer with hope and expectancy, but with bitterness and resentment. She had tried some film work. She was on the lists as an extra, but it was intermittent, and the pound or so she got every so often helped, but not very much. It didn't even pay the rent. She had tried writing, too. An article, highly coloured it had to be, about the adventures of an artist's model, brought her four guineas—and she had been trying ever since to write a short story. She read a lot. It was Shakespeare mostly, for she still hoped she might one day be an actress, and there was a book of poems she dipped into: it stirred her emotions and helped her to escape out of the dark, drab room which overlooked other dark little rooms across the yard, rooms which were lit up at night, often with the curtains left undrawn, so she could see men and women slip out of their dusty, outdoor clothes and get ready for bed.

UNDER the black cloud of frustration and emptiness that spanned the weeks behind her, and heaven knew how many more ahead, even the men in her life seemed to have forgotten her. Harold was away and wrote occasionally. Fred she had met on a Saturday night at a party; he slipped his arm about her and whispered, while somebody sang: "I'll give you a ring, Veronica. Let's have some dinner one evening." It would be a better dinner than she had ordinarily. But the telephone glowed with hostility, triumphant in its silence. One evening as she passed the pub at the street corner, a man walking to the bus stop turned to stare after her and asked the way to Sloane Street. He lingered to discuss the weather. She discussed it, then walked on. He seemed diffident, but still stared after her. She had not come down to that—yet. Perhaps it would have been better if she had.

She examined the contents of the wallet on her bed. There were three five-pound notes. One pound note she had already spent, two more were left here, and a ten-shilling note. There were some points for sweets, an identity card, a snapshot of a girl of her own age, and a cheque for twelve guineas—which, of course, she could not cash. But what was left was wealth.

Her mind was filled with sparking, pricking dots of uneasiness and doubt, and inside her, where her stomach should have been, was a great emptiness, being turned over and over, like a churning of the wind. In a moment of mental numbness, by yielding to a temptation, she had become a thief.

The consciousness of it horrified her. It smote her mind until it made her quite dazed . . . and it seemed to beat out of the undergrowth, causing it to snort and flutter up like a pheasant, the memory of something that had happened in her childhood.

She was six years old at the time. On her way home from school, through the smaller streets of Salisbury, she had seen a heap of shiny new purses, rich and varied in colour, displayed in a tray at a shop door, left invitingly open. Nobody was about, either in the shop or in the street, and putting her hand out, just as she had done to-day, merely to pick one up to examine it, she realized that it could be hers if she only walked away—and she did.

When her mother came home and saw the purse, questions were asked of course—endless questions. Veronica said it had been given to her, but that did not satisfy her mother, who wanted to know—by whom? When? Why?—until, after tortuous questioning, the truth was got out.

Then she was led off with angry jerks and thumps to the shop and made to restore the purse with many apologies, saying each phrase after her mother. Nor did that seem enough for her mother, after a day's cleaning in the cathedral. To impress the seriousness of her crime on the child, she led her to a policeman at the crossroads and told him the whole story, so that a uniformed caution should be added to her own warning. But the policeman, who was young and light-hearted, threw his head back and laughed. To him it was but a joke that a child should be brought to him by her mother after the purse had been restored. So the lesson was not salutary and ended with the policeman being severely scolded by the mother, who was pretty and young and seemed herself to be engaging the policeman's interest. And now, after twenty years, Veronica had done the same thing. The tendency was there and now again it had come out. It horrified her. If she kept the wallet . . . if she spent the money. . . . But she had

THE woman picked up the telephone receiver, but no buzz came from it. She flashed the rest impatiently, dialled for operator, flashed again

spent some of the money. . . . Like an echo returning from a remote corner it rumbled into her awed consciousness. She had. . . . She had. . . .

Perhaps, she whispered to reassure herself, perhaps the woman to whom it rightfully belonged could afford to lose it. She was fairly well dressed : that, at any rate, was the impression Veronica had, for in the shop her eyes and her mind were aware of only one thing.

She took out the identity card again and examined it. Mrs. Shelley Gascoigne, 142 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. It was an expensive address and a very expensive name by the sound of it. Obviously she could spare the money . . . and deserved to lose it. But the attempt at assurance did not allay her fears. She was uneasy at the effect on herself if she kept the money. God knew she needed it. Not a penny in sight from anywhere. Her rent owing for three weeks and only a few shillings in hand to pay for food. And when that was gone . . .? If she kept this it would tide her over many, many weeks—with care. And she had practised care for so long now. . . . Perhaps—perhaps if she set aside her qualms for a time and borrowed the money just to give her troubled mind a rest for a while . . . just to help her through to a mental convalescence, then, when her luck changed—as it would, as it always did—and money began to come in again in a comfortable flow, more than for her day to day needs—as it always did—she would be able to pay it all back to Mrs. Shelley Gascoigne . . . send it to her by registered post—so that there need be no explanations.

She put it all back into the wallet—the identity card, the snapshot (pretty the girl was : blonde, slight, rather frail), the cheque, the three five-pound notes. The rest of the money she put into her own purse—after all she had made a beginning by using some of it in that shop. So she might as well go on. What a blessing it would be to be free of qualms and scruples ! They were so crippling, so confining. . . . They imprisoned you in poverty . . . one got to an actual prison, of course, without them.

But could one tamper in this way with one's personal mechanism? Didn't it injure something inside you—your character — your (*Continued on page* 62)

They Learn By Night

By Guy Livingston

LESS true with each succeeding year is the old idea that learning, for most people, ends with schooldays. Under present-day arrangements for further education anyone can be a student at any age if he (or she) cares to go back to school after the day's work. And a lot of people do. This winter, well over a million men and women are getting home late in the evenings because they have been putting in a couple of hours on some subject that helps them with their job or just gives them a wider general outlook.

Round about six p.m. on two or three nights a week, these million-odd students sit down in institutes, polytechnics and colleges all over England to learn about anything from music to microchemistry and flour milling to foreign exchange. For most of them the goal is some professional examination or specialized knowledge that will improve their business prospects, so that the bias is on practical subjects. But many more are using these leisure hours to follow up a hobby or private interest or to acquire a liberal education that used to be obtainable only at the universities. And almost everywhere teachers are lecturing to full classes.

There is no doubt about the current demand for after-work education. When the City of London College opened its doors last September for the 1948-49 session, a queue over 100 yards long stood waiting to enrol. And on the same day two of the London polytechnics had so many entrants that they had to turn people away. That Londoners, young and not-so-young, are taking to evening study in ever-growing numbers is borne out by the figures for the last few years. In 1946-47 the various centres had 160,000 members; in 1947-48 the number had swelled to 175,000; and in the present session the increase is probably about the same.

AT the many institutions aided or maintained by the L.C.C., Londoners have the finest resources for evening work—both practical and cultural—in the country, probably in the world. They can study science and technology at over thirty technical colleges and polytechnics, commercial subjects at twenty colleges and departments of commerce, art of various kinds at a dozen art schools. They can discuss, debate, read, act and sing at fourteen literary institutes, the men among them can get together non-professionally to practise handicrafts or do gymnastics at nearly twenty men's institutes, and the women can follow—or get away from—domestic interests at twice as many women's institutes. And they can, of course, take University degrees and diplomas at several colleges of London University.

The same sort of thing, though necessarily on a smaller scale, is going on in the big provincial cities and towns. And supplementing the work of the L.C.C. and local authorities there are bodies like the National Adult School Union, the Arts Council of Great Britain, the British Institute of Adult Education. Youngest among the many organizations with similar aims is the post-war Bureau of Current Affairs; oldest is the Workers' Educational Association founded by Dr. Albert Mansbridge in 1903, four years before Oxford University formed the first tutorial classes for small groups of adult students.

These two pictures show hundreds of men and women queueing, after they have finished work, to enrol at the City of London College for the winter session of evening classes. For most of them the goal is some professional examination or specialized knowledge that will improve their business prospects, but many more attend to acquire a liberal education, that used to be obtainable only at the universities

IT is largely a twentieth-century phenomenon, this movement for spare-time learning. Largely, but not quite. More than a century ago technicians and artisans had their evening classes too, at the Mechanics' Institutes that survived into the Victorian age and then failed through prejudice and lack of support, victims, in part, of the diehard belief that education for working men was a dangerous thing.

Long extinct though the Mechanics' Institutes are now, the name of their founder is perpetuated at London University's Birkbeck College. It was George Birkbeck, a Glasgow professor, who brought the idea to London, after trying it out with great success—thanks to the co-operation of Scottish manufacturers who allowed their workers to attend his classes at Glasgow about 1800.

Birkbeck became president of the London Mechanics' Institute, opened on December 2nd, 1823. Its aims, agreed at a preliminary meeting at the Crown and Anchor tavern, were: "the instruction of mechanics at a cheap rate in the principles of the art they practise, as well as in all other branches of useful knowledge." Severely down-to-earth—the operative word is "useful"—and framed chiefly with a view to making the new class of mechanics more efficient at their (*Continued on page* 68)

A Drama of Putney Bridge

The Turbulent Love Story Of Mary Wollstonecraft And Captain Gilbert Imlay

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

"HYENA in petticoats," Horace Walpole called her—the ardent young feminist who had dared to write a *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* in an age not unfamiliar with the Wrongs of Man. But that isn't the woman I see in my mind's eye whenever I cross Putney Bridge. Tragic she is, and distraught with lost love. Her clothes are sodden with the rain and soon will be sodden from the murky river. But she is human, lovable, with strong features, wide, sensuous mouth, brown eyes, auburn hair, ample, womanly figure—the Mary Wollstonecraft whom Southey admired.

Picture her, at thirty-one, plunging into the ominous Paris of the Revolution to study it at first-hand and write a book of impressions, settling alone in a solitary house at Neuilly. She had friends there—Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Tom Paine of *The Rights of Man*—and through them met an American a few years older, Captain Gilbert Imlay. At first she disliked him and tried to avoid meeting, but the *Rights of Woman* reside in heart as well as mind. In the enchanting Paris spring of 1793 they were lovers. In June she was writing: "My dear love, I shall leave the key in the door, and shall hope to find you at my fireside when I return about 8 o'clock." In August: "You can scarcely imagine with what pleasure I anticipate the day when we are to begin almost to live together."

Almost? There was no *almost* in Mary's generous, independent, free-thinking make-up. They did live together, she registering at the U.S. Embassy as his wife, presumably for safety reasons in a turbulent city. She wanted an anchor, happiness, in an eruptive world. The moral question did not trouble her unduly; why should it trouble the author of the *Rights of Woman*, one of those rights being the right to unhampered love?

IN September Imlay's business took him to Havre, and Mary was lonely again, haunting the dark by-ways of the Revolution, the cobbles newly stained with guillotined blood. As the weeks, the months, went by she became protestingly introspective in her letters, reproving him for giving so much time to money-making business. Tenderly, yes, she wrote of their love, of the moments when his lips "feel softer than soft, and I rest my cheek on thine, forgetting all the world," but unless he talks of returning, his slippers will go out of the window and she will be off, nobody knows where. "I do not want to be loved as a goddess, but I wish to be necessary to you. . . . My own happiness wholly depends on you. . . . The way to my senses is through my heart. . . . Let me indulge the thought that I have thrown out some tendrils to cling to the elm by which I wish to be supported. . . ."

Imlay wrote consolingly of the bliss of reunion by their own fireside. "Yes, my love, my fancy was instantly at work and I found my head on your shoulder, whilst my eyes were fixed on the little creatures that were clinging about your knees! I did not absolutely determine that there would be six—if you have not set your heart on this round number."

By now Mary knew that at least there would be one, and perhaps it was this, more than the horrors of the Revolution, that induced her to join him in Havre in March. But they were undoubtedly preying on her mind. She had stumbled through the Place de Louis Quinze immediately after a particularly gory execution, and her righteous indignation had drawn from a bystander a warning that she had better keep quiet if she valued her safety. Robespierre's cruelties, the wholesale liquidating of deputies, shocked her to the soul.

IN May their child was born. In August Imlay had to leave for Paris, Mary following. A week or two later he was off to London, for "two months only." William Godwin says in his

JACK MATTHEW

Memoirs that the journey to Paris was the most trying she had ever endured, the carriage overturning four times.

And now she was lonely again, with an infant to care for and the two months lengthening to half a year and more. "If you do not soon return," she wrote in December, "the little girl and I will take care of ourselves; we will not accept any of your cold kindness, your distant civilities. . . . I am really tormented. . . . It is your own maxim to 'live at the present moment.' If you do, stay for God's sake, but tell me the truth."

Her appeals were piteous. "If a wandering of the heart . . . detains you, there was an end to all my happiness and hopes of happiness. I could not forgive you if I would." She was indignant, too, about the "common run of men" who think the wife, the slave, should uncomplainingly "receive the sultan whenever he deigns to return with open arms, though his have been polluted by half a hundred promiscuous amours during his absence."

(*On left*) Mary had stumbled through the Place de Louis Quinze immediately after a particularly gory execution, and her righteous indignation had drawn from a bystander a warning that she had better keep quiet if she valued her safety

In bodily and mental collapse, racked at night with a fever that made her fear consumption, she crossed to England in April, pausing at Havre to write: "I sit lost in thought looking at the sea, and tears rush into my eyes when I find I am cherishing any fond expectations."

On her journey back to England Mary paused at Havre and in one of her letters to Imlay wrote: "I sit lost in thought looking at the sea, and tears rush into my eyes when I find I am cherishing any fond expectations"

IN London, where he received her coldly, she discovered that her misgivings were only too well-founded. Imlay was implicated with a young actress. And now began a fight so many women have given up in despair—to try to win back, with constancy, a man fundamentally fickle. She pleaded with him, castigated him for his "vulgar excesses," reminded him of "the ineffable delight and exquisite pleasure which arise from a unison of affection and desire when the whole soul and senses are abandoned to a lively imagination that renders every emotion delicate and rapturous." In desperation she attempted suicide.

She went out of her way to serve him by undertaking a business mission to Norway as his agent, writing from Gotenburg: "There is a canker worm in my

bosom that never sleeps. . . . We must either resolve to live together or part for ever; I cannot bear these continued struggles." The northern air—riding, bathing, sleeping in the open—partially healed her spirit and brought her back to health. But back in London the problem came surging anew with tormenting intensity. An attempt to renew life together failed miserably. She discovered, beyond doubt, that he had installed his mistress in another home.

SHE intended throwing herself from Battersea Bridge, but found it too public, so hired a boat, and, under a leaden sky, rowed up to Putney, where she walked up and down in pouring rain to weight her clothes, then plunged into the river. It was now night—and night in her tortured soul. Finding that she did not instantly sink, she pressed her clothes about her, then lost consciousness. By a miracle she was seen by someone at the waterside, rescued, and saved. She said afterwards that the ordeal in the water was so terrible that she could never endure it again, whatever the temptation to end her life.

Imlay was naturally distressed at this narrowly averted tragedy which his faithlessness had provoked. He sent a doctor to attend her, arranged with a friend to take her into her home in Finsbury Square, promised that the other affair was only a "casual, sensual connection," and later, when she recovered, she should return to him. She even pocketed her pride to the extent of offering to share his home with her rival until she left. Imlay agreed, but soon saw the impossibility of the situation.

All that remained was for her to beg back her letters, to remind him sadly that "it does not require much magnanimity to determine to please ourselves for the moment, let others suffer what they will." In December she wrote "an eternal farewell," adding, "I part from you in peace." Imlay left for Paris with his light o' love, and within half-a-year Mary was on the threshold of the true love and marriage with Godwin that brought Shelley, in their daughter Mary, a good wife and comrade.

"Hyena in petticoats?" No, Sir. Hyenas do not so suffer for love. At least they can laugh. . . .

[END]

Contemplating ending her life, Mary hired a boat at Battersea Bridge and, under a leaden sky, rowed up to Putney, where she walked up and down in pouring rain to weight her clothes, and then plunged into the river

Before you back your fancy take a good look at the runners in the parade ring. Horses walking round the parade ring at Hurst Park

Going Racing?

By Lena Ramsden

IF you are a regular racegoer, with a knowledge of how to assess form; the difference between a "Plate" and a "Stakes"; the scale of Weight for Age and the number of pounds allowed for a six lengths beating—read no further.

If, on the other hand, you are a member of the general public, who enjoys the spectacle and excitement of a day's racing, without possessing much knowledge of what it's all about—if, in short, you are in the racing kindergarten class—read on and you may learn something to your advantage.

The majority of people go racing for its entertainment value, and this is certainly enhanced if you can take home more money than you arrived with. I have gone racing myself on many occasions without having a bet, but there is no denying the fact that a wager—even if it is only two bob on the Tote—adds to the general thrill and amusement; and racing would undoubtedly go out of fashion if betting were prohibited. So let us take it that the first objective of racing, from the point of view of the crowd, is to spot the winner.

Now it may be that you have a friend in the know, who will give you a selection of tips; or you may prefer to use the old-fashioned pin, or your astrological aspect for the day, or your lucky number (though if numbers one to nine are all running, who's to know whose is the luckiest?) but there is tremendous satisfaction to be derived from picking a winner "on looks."

So what should we look for in a potential winner?

Firstly, that unmistakable stamp of "quality": the instinctively elegant carriage of head, neck and tail; the wide-set, wide-open eyes; the forward cock of the ears and the careful placing of the feet—each foot, at the walk, suspended for a second in the air before being put down in a direct line with its fore or hind counterpart; the movement which show ring enthusiasts spend hours *teaching* a horse to perform, but which all (or nearly all) the great horses fall into with no teaching whatsoever.

(*On left*) Gordon Richards scoring his one hundredth winner for the 1948 season on Fair Breeze in the Bedford Stakes at Kempton Park

Passing the stands soon after the start of the Cardigan Stakes at Ascot. The horses for this race are ridden by amateur riders and the winner was Coubrador, No. 8 with the leading amateur jockey, Mr. Hislop up

(*On right*) At glorious Goodwood. The finish of the Boxgrove apprentices Handicap won by Mountain Lion with C. Orton up (hooped cap)

Having spotted your fancy in the paddock, see how he moves on the way to the start: some of the best horses are unable to "act" on adverse going, so watch them as they leave the paddock and canter down the course: if they stride out well, stretching their fore legs and gathering their hind legs under them, put your money on; but if they move (*Continued on page 70*)

Such Stuff As

How An Unexpected Windfall

By

IT was a Saturday morning. Mr. Wollington did not go to the office on Saturdays and so could enjoy a later and more leisurely breakfast. He entered the room smiling and rubbing his hands for that was the sort of man Mr. Wollington was. He glanced from his wife, who was folding back the morning paper out of its crease, to his children, John aged eleven and Sheila aged twelve, who had already begun on their flakes.

"Breakfast ready?" he said, pulling a chair up to the table and sitting down.

His wife restrained herself. She did not even glance at the clock. "Quite ready, dear," she said, and folding back the paper into yet another crease she placed it on the armchair and switched on the electric kettle.

"Splendid," Mr. Wollington said, "I'm peckish. I had a marvellous dream last night."

"Did you, dear?" his wife said absently, while the children (for this is a modern story) groaned and Sheila said: "*Must* we have it for breakfast?"

"No impudence," her father said, with an indulgent smile. "You're going to have it and when you've heard it you'll agree that it's marvellous. And it's a money-spinner."

"Oh, yes!" they jeered and John said: "Your dreams are always wrong. You dreamt a bomb was going——"

"And wasn't there a raid that night?"

"Yes, but we didn't get——"

"It was a warning, my boy. And it came off. And so will this one."

"Is this another warning?"

"You wait. Isn't the tea made yet? Good God! What a time that wretched kettle takes to boil."

"You told me I wasn't to say good God," John said.

"*And* you're not to."

"Why do you?"

"Because I'd not such a good father as you have. Doesn't anyone want to hear my dream?"

"Yes, dear," his wife said, "we're all waiting."

"You don't look particularly excited. But I don't suppose you'll mind sharing the proceeds."

"Well, go on, Father," Sheila said; "what was it?"

"Let me see the newspaper a moment and then I'll tell you. Where is it?"

"I put it on the armchair. Oh dear! The cat's lying on it."

"Blast the animal! There'll be mud all over the damned thing and no one'll be able to read a word."

"It hasn't rained for a week, dear, so Tiddles——"

"Then it'll be torn. Get off, you beast!"

"Oh, don't be so cruel, Father," Sheila said; "she wasn't doing any harm."

"Of course not. That's what we take the paper for. Ring up Fowler's after breakfast, my boy, and say we want two papers in future, one to read and one for the cat. Perhaps somebody will pass it over. No, wait a bit. I don't want to see it till I've told you my dream or you'll say I've invented it. I dreamt I went to the Derby——"

"It's *on* next Saturday, Father."

"Thank you, my boy. I'm glad there's something you know considering what I have to pay for your education. And don't put your knife in the marmalade. Use the spoon."

"You do sometimes."

"I daresay. I hadn't your advantages. You're not listening, Mother."

"Yes I am, dear."

"Well, *I* can't listen and read too. I thought you'd read the paper by the look of it."

"That was the cat, dear."

"Marvellous. First the talking dog and now the reading cat. Where are you going, Sheila?"

"I was going to ring up the Regent to see what time the big picture starts."

"I thought you wanted to hear my dream."

"I thought you'd finished."

"Don't be absurd, child. And put your knife straight on the plate. Nothing looks so ill-bred as to leave a knife skew-wiff."

"What about slang now!"

"Skew-whiff is colloquial. I should have thought you'd have known the difference considering your education costs me over a hundred a year. Where are you going, Mother?"

"The milkman will be here in a few minutes, dear, and I must get the bottles washed."

"Damn the milkman. Do you want to hear my dream or don't you?"

"Of course I do. You went to the Derby, you said, and you backed the winner: was that it?"

"Well, I didn't. That was just the point. I backed a loser. But here's the point: a man said to me: I didn't see his face; you know how it is in dreams. He said to me 'You ought to have backed the Turkish horse.'"

"And what was it, Father?"

"He didn't say, my boy; but that's what I'm going to back on next Saturday, if there *is* one. Now give me the paper and we'll see if there's a horse with a Turkish name. No, *I'll* look, thank you. Give it to me. Now where are they? What a rag! Never anything where it ought to be. I suppose it'll be in the garden-

ing hints. Runners. That's good. I don't expect you to see it. Here we are. Runners and prices. Alma, Betelnut, The Clink, Demeter, Dolphin, whew! Listen to this.' Listen. Fez. What d'you think of that? Fez. Marvellous. Fez. I'll write to Dunne about this. Fez." He flung the paper down, chuckled, and rubbed his hands. "And forty to one. I'll put a fiver on it. That'll be what, my boy?"

"Five pounds, Father."

"Don't be an idiot. Five forties are two hundred. And that's what I'm going to win. And I don't suppose any of you'll be slow coming forward with your hands out."

"It doesn't say it's a Turkish horse, Father."

"Of course it's a Turkish horse with a name like that."

"It just says 'Fez' and then 'Topper dash Cady.' Whatever does that mean?"

"It means Topper was the sire and Cady the dam. The father and mother."

"And then it says 'Owner Mrs. Bullifant, trained by T. Purdon.' Is she a swimmer?"

"Don't be a fool. T. Purdon's the trainer of the horse. Who's the jockey? I didn't notice."

"It says, 'ridden by Harriman.'"

"That's right, my boy. Harriman's the jockey. Never heard of him."

"Perhaps he's Turkish. There's a Harriman Al Somebody in The Arabian Nights. Was Baghdad in Turkey?"

"Good God! Baghdad in Turkey. If Baghdad were in Turkey it would be the Turkish Nights."

"Or the Turkish Delights," Sheila said.

"D'you hear that, Mother? And at her age. That's going to the pictures so often."

"Then it mayn't be a Turkish horse after all, Father."

"It doesn't matter two straws, my boy, whether it's a Turkish horse or an Irish or—or a clothes-horse. The point is it's got a Turkish name and if you knew anything about dreams you'd know that that's how they work. It's always an indirect clue."

"Like your bomb dream."

"Precisely. Well, that's settled. I'll stroll down to the club this morning and get Chivers to put a fiver on for me. Would you like me to put a half-crown on for you, Mother?"

"No thank you, dear. Isn't five pounds rather a lot?"

"Rot! I've half a mind to make it a tenner. Four hundred pounds would come in handy for the holidays. And don't forget it's free of income tax. So it's really nearly double. Almost a cool thousand. By George! I've half a mind."

"I hope you won't, dear. Five pounds is quite enough to lo——"

"To *what*?"

"To risk."

"You were going to say lose."

"I meant risk."

"You meant lose. Well, you'll see. I suppose you won't refuse a tenner out of the winnings?"

Dreams Are Made On

Came To The Wollington Family

Neil Bell

HE flung the paper down, chuckled, and rubbed his hands. "And forty to one. I'll put a fiver on it."

"What do *we* get, Father?"

"You'll get five pounds each to put in the bank, my boy; and five shillings each to spend. And you, Mother'll get a tenner. No! by George, I'll make it fifty. How's that, Mother?"

"Lovely, dear. But you won't bet more than five pounds, will you?"

"Oh, very well. Caution. Always caution. Where should I be if I'd always been cautious? It was by taking risks, reasonable risks, that I got where I am to-day."

It was not until the evening, after the children had gone to bed, that Mrs. Wollington had an opportunity of referring again to the bet. They had had supper and Mr. Wollington was smoking his pipe over the evening paper. His wife was poking at a stocking with a ladder in it. "Did you see Mr. Chivers about the Derby, dear?" she said.

"Of course. It's O.K. I'm on at forty to one. Lucky to get on. Chivers says it'll have shortened to twenties by Monday."

"You didn't bet more than five pounds, dear?"

"Well, I did and I didn't."

"Oh, Arthur and you said——"

"Wait a minute. I know what I said. And that's what I did. I backed Fez to win for a fiver."

"But you——"

"I'm trying to tell you as soon as I can get a word in. I thought I'd take a leaf out of your book and be cautious for a change. So I backed him for a fiver each way."

"What does that mean?"

"It means five pounds to win and five pounds for a place. And that means——"

"So you did bet ten pounds."

"I'm explaining that. By putting the other fiver on for a place I'm saving my bacon supposing Fez doesn't come in first. If he comes in second or third I lose the first fiver but on the second I get a quarter of the odds, that's ten to one, so I'd make fifty and lose five, that's forty-five won. Not too bad, eh?"

"And if it comes fourth or fifth or anything else, how much do you get?"

"Nothing. Bookies aren't philanthropic societies."

"So you will lose ten pounds?"

"What do you mean I *will* lose ten pounds."

"I mean, dear——"

"Pah! the horse can't lose. As a matter of fact Chivers said it was a dark horse and he fancied it himself. So by putting a fiver each way I don't win two hundred if it comes in first but two hundred plus fifty. And as it's free of income tax you can call it nearly five hundred. How's that?"

"It would be very nice, dear."

"It *will* be very nice. You'll see. We'll hear the race on the wireless. Well, I'll take a turn in the garden. The lawn wants cutting again. *Always* wants cutting. Why is it that no matter what you do to grass it *will* grow and no matter what you do for strawberries they won't?"

"You're not going to cut the lawn now, dear, are you? The neighbours——"

"The neighbours cut their lawns at all hours of the day and night for weeks on end. But you needn't worry. I'm not going to cut anything. I just want to enjoy a pipe."

THE Wollington family had grouped itself about the radiogram a good ten minutes before the commentary began. Some of Mr. Wollington's excitement had spread to the children and even his wife seemed not entirely unmoved by the occasion.

"It says Fez is sixty to one in the paper," John said; "does that mean——"

(Continued on page 72)

MR. WOLLINGTON was having difficulty with his breathing; still more in finding adequate words. His lips moved a long minute before he spoke. "Tasty" he said. "Tasty, what in the devil's name . . ."

1814 Ball dress of French gauze, worn over a pink silk slip

1815 Walking dress of white cambric muslin, flowered; green sarcenet pelisse

1833 A pair of seaside dresses of Jacconet muslin; mantlet of pink gros de Naples. Pelisse of green silk; double pelerine of white muslin worn over Jacconet muslin dress

Tyrolese hat worn by the lady of fashion in 1869, made of fine brown felt trimmed with a velvet band and a velvet cockade at the side, above which a brown feather forms a straight aigrette

Women's Dress *in the* Nineteenth Century

ONE of the most fascinating social studies is the evolution of women's dress in the past century. The industrial revolution fostered the growth of a great middle class in which women were no longer content to blush modestly in the background but began to take the limelight of social life and reflect their husbands' prosperity in dress and manners. Dr. C. Willett Cunnington, Honorary Adviser to the Gallery of English Costume, Manchester, and our leading authority on the subject, fixes the period of woman's greatest glory at between 1851 and 1880, particularly after the invention of the artificial crinoline in 1856; but the peak year for costume was 1870, when the walking and sports outfit and trim tailor-made heralded a new era of refinement in cut and fit, and for the first time since the fourteenth century really new ideas in dress design were born.

"English Women's Clothing in the Nineteenth Century (Faber, 84s.) is a luxury re-issue in a limited edition of an historical work which has become a classic of its kind. In recording every change in dress fashion, and even accessories, with lavish illustration from fashion journals, plates, and contemporary photographs, Dr. Cunnington and his publisher have spared no pains to make this a period masterpiece—indeed, a miracle of production under present conditions. In binding, type, paper and general format it is as handsome as the most elaborate vogues it so vividly—and sometimes amusingly—portrays. Any woman lucky enough to possess it will want to hand it down as a family heirloom.

1897 A trio of evening dresses. (Left) Upper skirt of green velvet *en princesse*; underskirt of white satin with rows of puffing, (centre) ball dress of pink silk; two skirts (right), ball dress, upper skirt of blue silk cut with the body *en princesse*

Illustrations by Tony Weare

The Human Element

A Drama Of A Mathematical Genius

By Norah Lofts

IN the spring of the year 1937, just as he was reaching the top level of his rather mysterious profession, Mr. Merriam was forced, by ill-health, into premature and unwelcome retirement.

Mr. Merriam was a mathematical genius, and his profession was only mysterious in that no ordinary person could understand exactly what it was that he *did*. He had started life obscurely behind the counter of a bank, but it was soon plain that he was wasted there and he was removed to some inner sanctum and the public saw him no more. When he was twenty-six years old a newly established South American republic found itself in trouble with its finances, a fact which was not surprising since no member of its government had previously handled any sum larger than the price of a meal or a packet of cigarettes. The bank to which Mr. Merriam's genius was harnessed had what it called "commitments" in the new state and so was concerned for its solvency, and after a period of panic, decided to "lend" Mr. Merriam to the republic for an unspecified time to help straighten out the tangle. This he did, very successfully: not by imposing taxes, or speeding up production, or organizing a counter-revolution, or anything obvious like that, but by the simple—and to the ordinary mind, mysterious—process of sitting in an air-conditioned office for seven or eight hours a day, making complicated calculations in his head and transferring the results into precise, very legible figures on some sheets of paper. He followed this routine for eighteen months and seventeen days, and at the end of that time the republic was not only solvent, but in a position to lend a considerable sum of money to a neighbouring state. Mr. Merriam was then sent home, with thanks, rather like a suburban lawn-mower.

HIS reputation was established; and for just over twenty years afterwards he was borrowed by banks and firms and syndicates and minor governments which were having trouble with their arithmetic. He always kept a little night-bag in his office, so that he could travel at a moment's notice. He had no real home, but he could make himself at home anywhere. He had no relatives, no friends and very few possessions, but he was a profoundly happy little man because he enjoyed juggling with figures and derived unflagging pleasure from watching the mathematical imp in his brain defying logic and economics and

every kind of law simply by producing the right answer to any given problem.

IN 1937 the English Government, always a little behind, but always finally aware, decided to take advantage of Mr. Merriam's services and the queer, self-contained little man carried his peculiar genius and his nibbled stub of pencil to Whitehall and settled down to a task no more difficult, though it appeared so, and no more secret, though it was said to be so, than any others which he had tackled. He was working stupendously and successfully, when, in the early autumn, he was attacked by influenza. Like other geniuses he was not so much indifferent to his health as oblivious to it, and he went on working until one afternoon his desk rose up and hit him a heavy blow between the eyes : and the next minute, it seemed, he was waking up in a hospital bed, too weak to move a finger and with a premonitory sense of loss within his mind. The loss was soon identified, for he asked the day's date, and then the date of his admission to the hospital, and discovered with some horror that he could not reckon, from this information, the duration of his illness. And as time went on and physical health returned the loss was not repaired. Mr. Merriam, who by his mathematical genius, had affected the history of nations, could now not reckon at all. While he lay helpless, unwary, the imp had stolen away and taken all his apparatus with him.

They said, of course, all the usual things: that he had been overworking for a long time and that he would recover his faculties with his health; that he must rest and not worry. Mr. Merriam accepted the comfortable statements politely, but he was not deceived. At the end of his slow convalescence he sent in his resignation which was accepted with regret and some relief—for who could ever trust him again?—and retired into the country.

HE could not deal even with the small change, the points rationing, and the clothes coupons which ordinary housewives could manage. A few glaring mistakes and embarrassing encounters in shops soon proved this to him

Materially he was not unenviable. He had a pension, smaller than it would have been ten or fifteen years hence; he had been lucky enough to find a pleasant house and a good daily woman to tend it; his health was good, his conscience untroubled. But he was miserable and bored, as a suddenly blinded bookworm, a suddenly deafened music-lover would be miserable and bored. Figures, which had been his whole life, figures with which he had juggled and triumphed, were now meaningless to him.

He could not deal even with the small change, the points rationing, and the clothes coupons which ordinary housewives could manage. A few glaring mistakes and embarrassing encounters in shops soon proved this to him and he was glad to hand the whole thing over to Mrs. Balsam. He took her to the bank and signed some papers and after that Mrs. Balsam went once a month and withdrew the housekeeping money out of which she paid the books and herself. Mr. Merriam retired into a world where numbers and all that was to do with them were unknown.

HE brooded endlessly upon the fantastic thing which had happened to him. Why? How? And he worried. For it seemed to him that the work he had done and had been doing when he was afflicted was both necessary and valuable—the first big job he had undertaken had averted a civil war, and there had been others equally momentous. And then, one autumn afternoon, as he was pottering about his little garden, the thought struck him that perhaps figures were inimical to human beings. To deal with them worried the average person. And when the figures had found their master—as they had found him in himself—they took their revenge. Yet for the well-being of the world and the human race it was necessary that they should be mastered. What was needed, thought Mr. Merriam wistfully, as he rooted out some ground elder, was a machine, a thing of metal and rubber and wire which could do all that the soft, vulnerable, expendable human brain could do and never tire or fail or play tricks.

He went to tea, still toying with the idea, glad to have found an antidote for brooding. He knew that the idea bordered on the fanciful—but then so did most ideas in their initial stages. He knew, too, that it was not original. Mary Shelley and Wells and Kapek had written of some such thing—bodingly, warningly. But the thing which he visualized was so specific, so extremely unsinister that there was no need for him to consider the fate of Frankenstein; and in a way the fact that other minds had toyed with the idea proved its validity. There was nothing imaginable that was not possible. Imagination did not make things, it merely recognized them.

At the end of the evening Mr. Merriam realized that for six whole hours he had not dwelt upon his broken career, his inability to count. So next day, as soon as he began on the "Why? How?" theme again he switched his mind to the idea of making a counting machine. But the thing which threw him from impractical dreaming into action was the discovery—quite shattering at the time—that as soon as he began meditating upon the physical attributes of the machine he could reckon again. He'd been thinking, it mustn't weigh more than seven pounds so as to be easily portable, and realized that for the first time since his illness he knew the significance of the figure seven, could count it out on his fingers, could remember its relationship to numbers before and after it. It was as though a blind man had suddenly realized a window as a source of light.

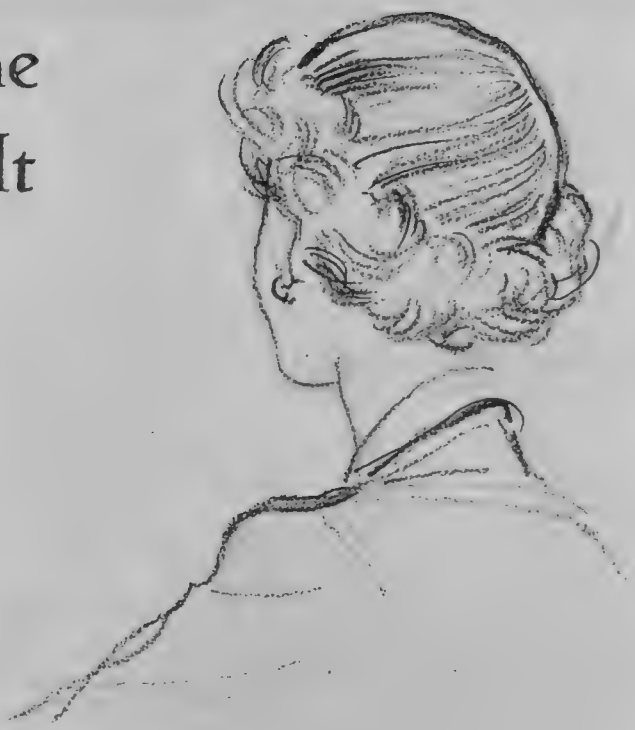
Indescribably excited Mr. Merriam rushed into the kitchen and tried to add up the milk book. But the moment had passed. The milk book baffled him still. One or two such set-backs overtook him before he knew the truth—he could count and reckon when he was planning the machine, not otherwise. Therefore he must plan, he must make the machine, for only so could he enjoy the company of the numbers which he had so sorely missed.

HE worked on it for five and a half years. There were many things to be learned, but he tackled them eagerly and found them easy. He had, in the bank, seen an adding machine, operated by a young woman whom he privately thought to be none too bright, and the task which he had set himself was to construct a superior machine operated by a mechanical intelligence far ahead of the young woman's. To that end he studied the higher forms of electricity; he took what he wanted from the science known as "wireless," and the war—which he ignored more completely than any other even partially sane person in England, gave him radar ready made. And while in a room at the back of the house Mr. Merriam dealt with a diversity of matters only just within the range of human understanding and worked out problems which might have made Newton and Einstein blanch, Mrs. Balsam did his shopping and paid his bills and spread his sweet ration out over the month. She was never allowed into the room, but she had peeped when she came to call him to a meal and what she saw—more even than his inability to reckon the price of four buns and a small brown loaf—convinced her of his madness. Bits of wheels and things like clock faces and things like piano keys, and what looked to be a decent little wireless set if only he'd let it alone. A mad contraption if ever there was one.

But when it was finished it looked *(Continued on page 70)*

MR. MERRIAM looked for a second upon the havoc, then he snatched up the hammer from his tool-box and went for Mrs. Balsam

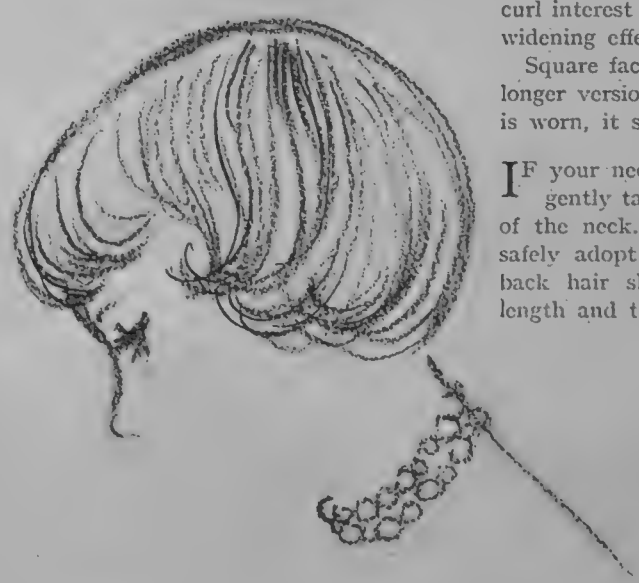
The Long Or The Short Of It



Top right. Avoid straggling ends with tapered curls brushed up into a soft flounce.

Above. Poise of the hat on a short hair-cut is important. A pancake shape sits well on a short all-over curly cut.

Right. This neat, cap-like style is attractive for a young face with piquant features.



WHETHER or not to adopt the short hair-cut is causing much heart-burning. The decision for or against depends upon individual circumstances and, of course, individual faces, but here are some facts given by Raymond, the famous hair stylist, about the short cut which may help to solve your personal doubts.

It is a versatile style and can be adapted equally well to younger and older faces. It is practical for the woman who has to be her own hairdresser between visits to a salon.

More than most, it is a cut which must be varied to suit the individuality of the wearer. The round face, for instance, calls for a below-ear-tip version of the new length with the hair built upwards and dressed closer to the head to increase the apparent length of the face.

LONGER faces need an interpretation which runs to side-angle dressing. That is, with curl interest on one side of the crown to give a widening effect.

Square faces are better suited with a slightly longer version of the short cut and, if a fringe is worn, it should be cut on curved lines.

IF your neck is long, get your hairdresser to gently taper the hair to a point at the nape of the neck. If your neck is short, you can safely adopt the shortest of short cuts. The back hair should be half-curled, semi-shingle length and the front just above ear-tip length.

If You are of the Opinion that Elegance is a Gift of the Gods

Bank Balance, Take Heart, for Here the Claim is Made

What Price Elegance?

ELEGANCE, that enviable quality which most women covet and comparatively few achieve, is generally associated with an elastic bank balance. Though it is true that unlimited means solves many problems of dress, it is consoling to know that elegance is not by any means only for the rich.

Like good taste, elegance is difficult to define, but it can be reduced to basic principles, the chief of which are simplicity, co-ordination and suitability.

The woman who aims to be well-dressed on nothing a year must choose every article of her wardrobe to fit into a basic plan. Haphazard shopping is disaster to a good appearance. Balanced expenditure is the real secret of it all.

Whichever income group you are in, allot a proportion of it for dress. If you know exactly how much you can afford to spend on clothes throughout the year it is possible to budget expenditure equitably, giving a proper emphasis to the more important items which set the stage for less costly accessories. Sudden splashes which do not fit your budget are fun until you discover that you are overspent with items still to buy.

First list the essentials of your wardrobe on the following lines, perhaps according to your circumstances and needs. A basic, classically-cut suit; a good, simple frock which can be dressed up with accessories to do round-the-clock duty; a warm coat to wear over the suit and the dress; a handbag which matches two pairs of shoes (one pair of the practical variety), gloves and hats. This nucleus may take time to accumulate, but should ultimately form the background upon which to ring the changes. On these items spend your maximum.

The value of a really distinguished coat or suit, if it is classical in outline and not styled in such a way as to be too recognisable in the second season of wearing, is that it will survive many hats and many sets of accessories, whilst always giving an expensive tone to the picture. In regard to basic garments like these, high cost is not necessarily an extravagance. A distinguished coat or suit which you can wear for two years, ringing the changes with hats and accessories, will do more to establish your appearance on a high level than a new and less aristocratic coat at half the cost for each new season. Elegance, you see, is largely a matter of sound economics.

HAVING planned a sound basic wardrobe on paper, you can shop with confidence. Shop with your plan in mind and don't be diverted from it, no matter how persuasive the shop people are or how many visits you require before the right thing comes along. Thus only can you achieve that perfect co-ordination which makes for elegance.

Choice of colours depends upon individual colouring, but for a minimum

Right: Elegance is a positive quality, not a negative one. It consists in simplicity, co-ordination and suitability, as well as in the innate poise which confidence in one's appearance imparts. In this case, a simple black suit, a good blouse, a distinguished hat and carefully chosen accessories make a picture of sophisticated elegance out of basic simplicity.

or Something Conferred Upon the Lucky Few by an Expandable

that Elegance can be Achieved Even on a Limited Budget.

wardrobe it is best to stick to a basic colour for main garments. Colourful accessories will give the touch of variety when it is required, but do harden your heart against cheap trimmings and every kind of imitation jewellery.

Remember that the top-to-toe silhouette is a main pointer to elegance. When you buy a hat, go to the milliner in the coat or suit you intend to wear the hat with, and choose one that is not only becoming from the chin up, but which balances the silhouette from head to foot.

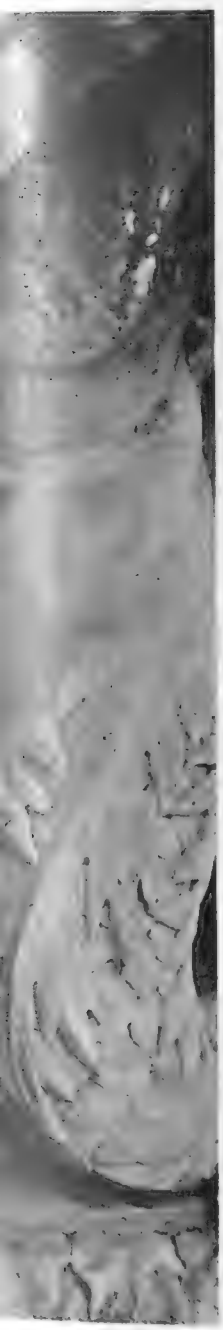
THIS question of outline is vital. Let your choice of clothes be ruled by your shape. If you are tall, full skirts and narrowed waists are permissible. If you are thin you can afford to wear a little more drapery than if your curves are rounded. A wider brim to your hat will detract a little from your height. Longer skirts will suit you, but if you have a straight-up-and-down figure shoulders must be widened a little to balance the silhouette, whatever fashion may say about sloping shoulder-lines.

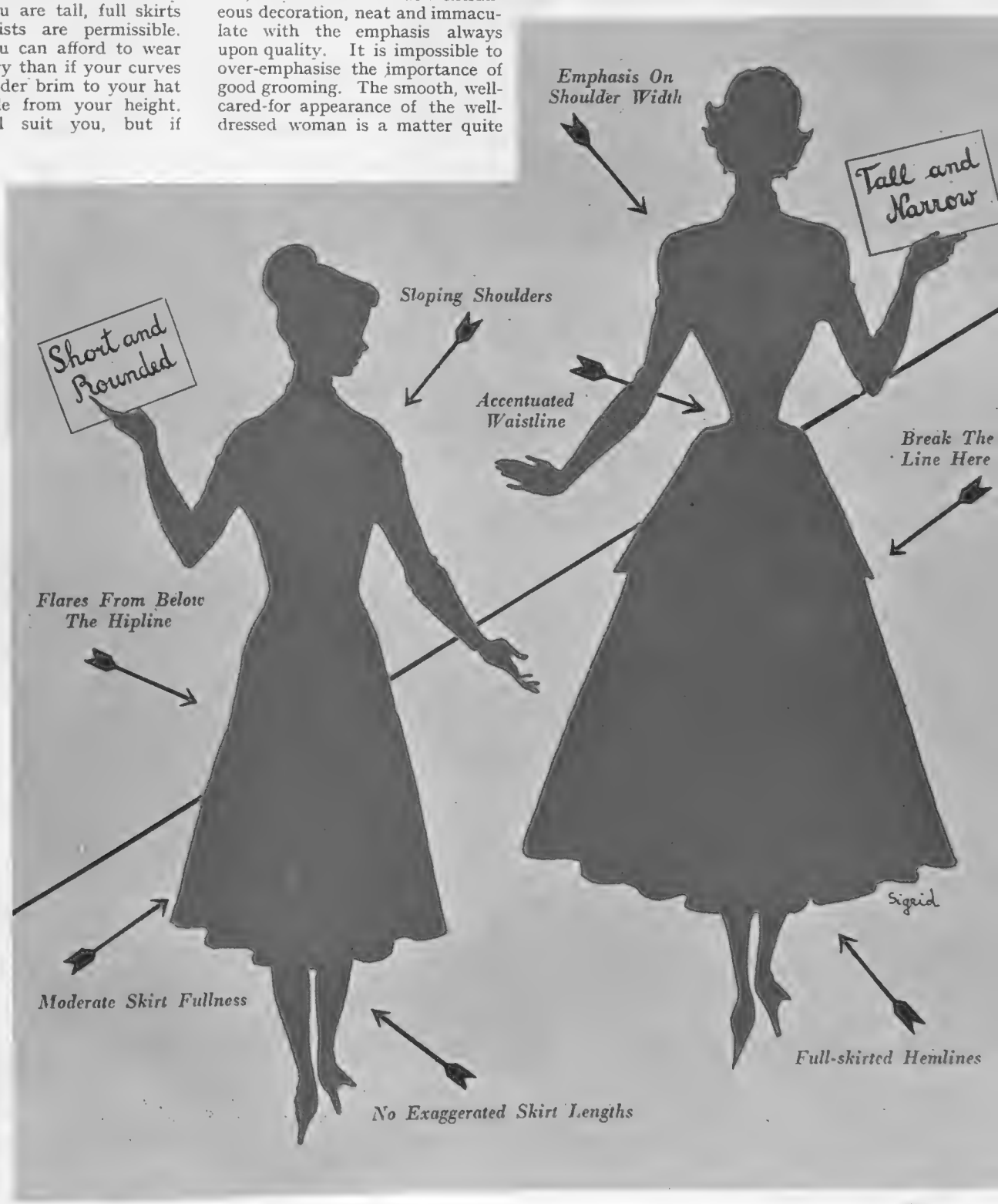
The shorter and rounder figure must avoid emphasis at the waist. Voluminous skirts are taboo, though moderate fullness which springs from below the hipline is permissible. Sloped shoulder-lines are flattering to the shorter figure, but exaggerated skirt lengths should be avoided except for evenings, when they can be toe length. These important points are illustrated in the diagrams below.

The elegant figure is a clear-cut one, free from too much extraneous decoration, neat and immaculate with the emphasis always upon quality. It is impossible to over-emphasise the importance of good grooming. The smooth, well-cared-for appearance of the well-dressed woman is a matter quite apart from her choice of styles. It is a matter of unremitting care and unfailing attention to detail.

THE size of a wardrobe is no guarantee of elegance. Don't give up hope because your means are limited. The less money you have the fewer clothes you can afford, but what you buy must be good and right. Large wardrobes are not necessarily good ones. The most elegant woman I know keeps a wardrobe of two suits (one town and one country) and a topcoat. With these she wears beautiful blouses, perfect shoes and gloves, and immaculate accessories. If every woman of limited means would follow her plan, elegance would become a commonplace.

ANNE RAWNSLEY.





Ruffle Stitch Blouse

MATERIALS : Of Templeton's "Opalsheen," 3 ozs. in yellow, 2 ozs. in white, and ½ oz. each in pink and turquoise blue ; 1 pair each of No. 12, 10 and 8 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS : Bust, 34-37 ins.; length, 21 ins. ; sleeves, 5 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles and yellow wool, cast on 106 sts. Work 5½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and ptn. :

1st and 2nd rows.—K. in pink, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 2nd row (108).

3rd row.—Change to No. 8 needles. In white, inc. into every st.

4th to 9th rows, inclusive.—White st. st., beg. with a p. row.

10th row.—White, p. 2 tog. across row.

11th and 12th rows.—Change to No. 10 needles. In pink, as 1st and 2nd rows, and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 12th row (110).

13th row.—In yellow, k.

14th to 20th rows, inclusive.—K. 1, p. 1, rib.

These 20 rows form ptn. ; rep. them. using blue instead of pink for rows 1 and 2, and 11 and 12, on alt. ptns., and inc. at both ends of every 2nd and 12th ptn. rows, 3 times more ; then rep. rows 1 to 10 inclusive. 124 sts. will be on needle on 90th row.

From now on, do *not* inc. on 2nd and 12th rows as before.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Beg. on 91st row, dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 12 rows (100).

Next row.—Change to No. 8 needles. In white, inc. into every st. (200). Take 2 tog. at both ends of next 3 p. rows (194). K. 1 row, then take 2 tog. across next row (97).

Continue in ptn. until 132nd row is done (beg. alt. rib rows, during 14th to 20th ptn. rows, with p. 1, to keep rib right) ; then discard white, pink and blue (*Continued on page* 66)

Cable-Waist Cardigan

MATERIALS : 9 ozs. of Templeton's "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch fingering 3-ply ; one pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles. 11 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : (unstretched) From top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 ins. ; across underarms (back), 14 ins. ; underarm sleeve seam, 17½ ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 128 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to the following pattern :

1st row.—* p. 2, k. 4. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2.

2nd row.—* k. 2, p. 4. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2. Continue until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge (ending on 2nd row of pattern).

3rd row.—* p. 2, slip the next 2 sts. on to spare needle and leave at the front of work. Knit the next 2 sts., then the 2 sts. from the spare needle. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2.

4th row.—* k. 2, p. 4. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2. These 4 rows form Cable pattern. Continue for 3 ins. Now continue in the first 2 rows of pattern until work measures 16 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

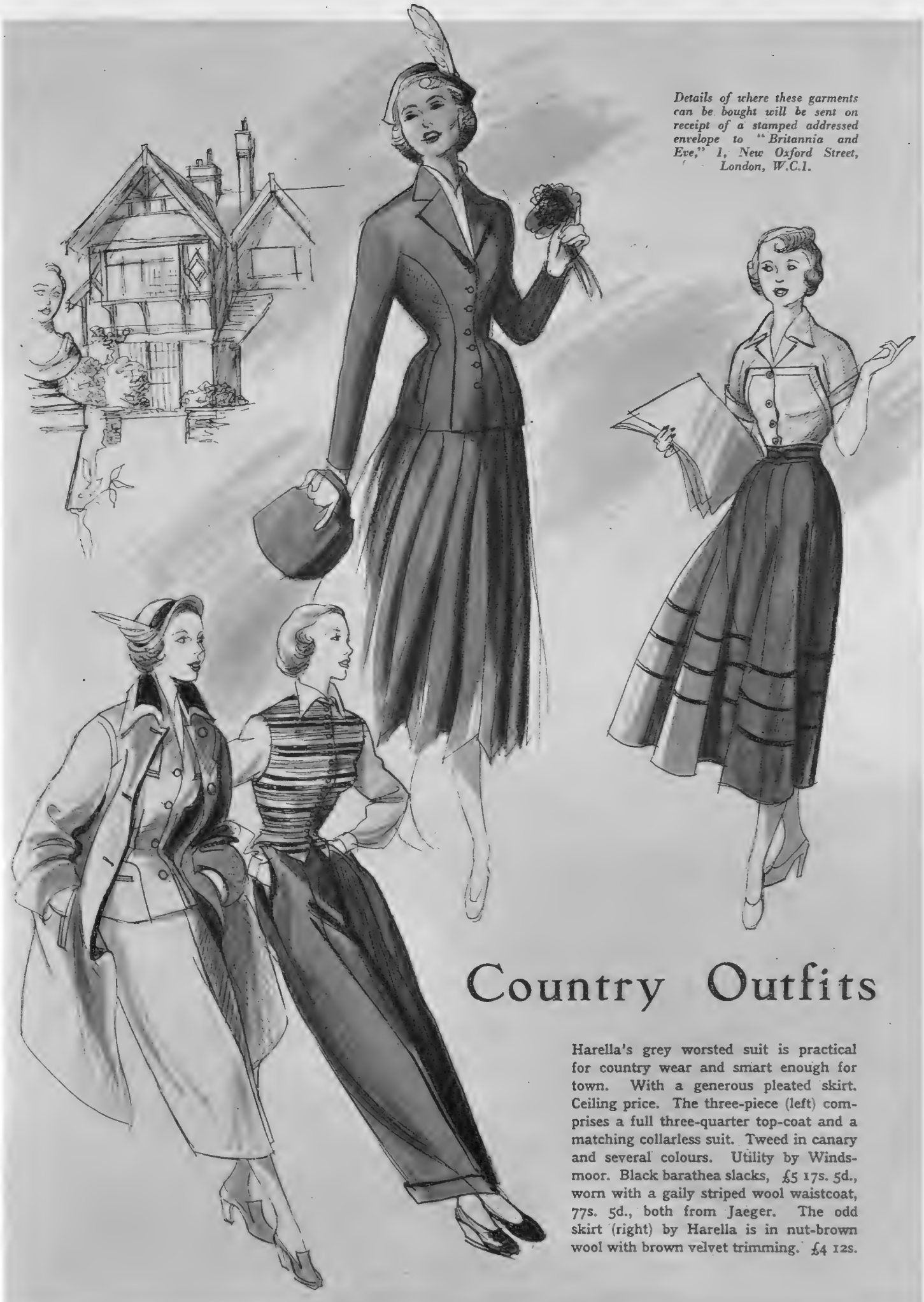
SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 74 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. (*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K.=knit ; p.=purl ; sts.=stitches ; st. st.=stocking stitch ; inc.=increase ; tog.=together ; dec.=decrease ; beg.=beginning ; ptn.=pattern ; rem.=remaining ; alt.=alternate ; rep.=repeat.*



Details of where these garments can be bought will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Country Outfits

Harella's grey worsted suit is practical for country wear and smart enough for town. With a generous pleated skirt. Ceiling price. The three-piece (left) comprises a full three-quarter top-coat and a matching collarless suit. Tweed in canary and several colours. Utility by Windsmoor. Black barathea slacks, £5 17s. 5d., worn with a gaily striped wool waistcoat, 77s. 5d., both from Jaeger. The odd skirt (right) by Harella is in nut-brown wool with brown velvet trimming. £4 12s.

Time for Tables

OUT of shortages and economies comes a new spur to ingenuity. "Making do" is a dreary matter for ourselves and for the home, but the endeavour to introduce a little colour and variety where it is most needed is fun if you have the inclination and the patience to do it.

The monotony of our food is high-lighted by the monotony of our tables and their appointments. Here are some ideas for making table settings more attractive :

The table-linen situation is a little easier. If you have austerity china and cutlery, go all out for attractive napery. Good linen is not inexpensive, but it is a good investment. If present prices are beyond your means improvise with gay gingham checks for breakfast cloths. Make your own table mats with large squares of brightly-coloured felt ; with remnants of pretty flowered chintz like the ones sketched, which are quilted and bound with a contrasting colour. Buy a set of plain table mats and paint the background, then add a flower print and finish the surface with a clear heat-resisting varnish. These mats are costly to buy but simple to make at home. Trays can be decorated to match.

A colourful and practical cloth for the dining-room or meals in the kitchen can be made with white or bright-coloured American cloth bound at the edges with coloured braid. Paint sprays of flowers on it or—if you are not very confident of your ability—buy stencils or trace a design very lightly on to the background with carbon.

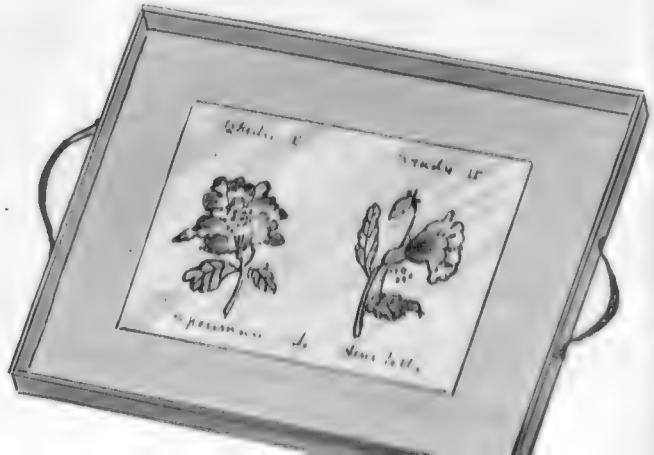
1. Simple and effective home decoration for Utility china, table mats and trays. Leaves and berries outlined in green and pink decorate the Utility plate. The mat has casual sprays of white flowers on a plain green ground. Motifs cut from chintz and silk, glued on to white paper, can be fitted beneath a glass-topped tray.

2. Crystal and lace add their own beauty to the table. Wine glasses and water goblet in cut crystal from Marshall and Snelgrove, linen and Maltese lace-cloth from Walpoles.

3. A fruit and flower centre-piece such as this one of pink roses and black grapes solves the problem of flower decoration in winter.

4. Hand-painted pottery and a hand-woven cotton tablecloth to brighten the breakfast table.

5. Sprays of apple blossom hand-painted on a white Utility tea-set. A black tin tray is decorated to match.



China, trays and mats can be treated in the same way, as some of our illustrations show. To paint on china or glass you will need to use Crystyl Glossy Art Colours. A special mixing solution is sold with this paint.

If you are painting, first see that the china is clean and quite dry. Mix the Crystyl colours to a thin consistency with the mixing solution and use a fine brush.

Choose a bold, clear design. Trace the outline lightly with a fine brush in a light colour. It can be copied from a cretonne, a flower print, a decorated plate, or even a simple design of spots or stripes is effective. Leave the paint to dry for at least twenty-four hours, then cover the entire surface with a clear, heat-resisting varnish and leave for another forty-eight hours before using.

Painted surfaces wear well if reasonable care is used. Never wash the china in boiling water or use any form of soda.

Practise the design on paper before you begin the final operation. Free designs are best for the amateur and look well if the colours used are bold and well blended.

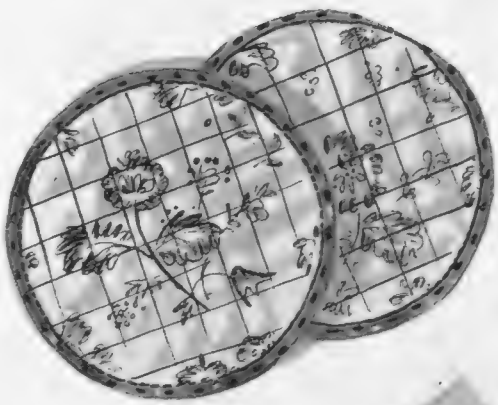
Faded tablecloths can be dyed to give them a new lease of life. Sunmask takes well and though the colour may fade after several washings, the home dyeing operation is simple enough to be repeated when necessary.

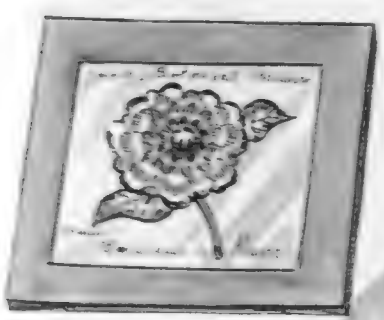
When setting a festive table break away from convention if your china and glass is of the pedestrian order. A coloured tablecloth for background and decorated mats, as shown in the large illustration on the right below, give a good start.

A pair of attractive china figures on either side of a low bowl of flowers are an additional touch of grace. Use lighted candles on the dinner table, or a flowering plant in a colourful china pot as a centre-piece.

Originality and bright colours, together, distract attention from the appointments themselves. Even the food seems twice as interesting in an attractive setting.

WINIFRED LEWIS.





The ordeal of a shocked and bewildered sick child torn from its mother's side to be handed over to professional care is a commonplace which we have long accepted as a sad inevitability. Medical opinion now inclines to the view that it is not only sad but injurious

A New Deal For Babies

SEPARATION from her child is a sad thing for any mother to contemplate, yet it is a problem which many have to face when illness and hospital treatment necessitates a temporary separation from a child.

Wartime evacuation gave a new insight into the psychological disturbances brought about by sudden separation of mothers and children. So serious, in fact, were the results in many cases that distinguished members of the medical profession are giving attention to the whole problem of the hospitalisation of children and the effects upon the recovery rate consequent upon separation from their mothers.

Professor Spence, for one, concludes from his own pre-war experimentation at Newcastle that mothers are the best nurses for seriously ill children. A series of experiments were carried out in his own hospital, where mothers cared for their own sick children under the supervision of doctors and nurses, in many cases taking charge straight from the operating theatre.

These experiments proved beyond reasonable doubt that very young children suffer less from the effects of shock and, moreover, make a smoother convalescence in their own homes because the mother has derived confidence through conducting her own nursing under professional guidance.

Perhaps the vital importance of the mother's influence upon a child's stability and development had its most dramatic confirmation in a film which was shown by Dr. Rene Spitz at the International Mental Congress. It was called "Grief," and showed in unstaged film form the steady and literal wilting of a six-months-old baby over a period of weeks during separation from its mother. The case was one of a number observed by Dr. Spitz in an institution where such cases of separation at an early age were commonplaces. These observations showed that, unless an acceptable deputy could quickly be found for the mother—that is to say, one who could devote herself entirely to the child—the physical and mental deterioration attributable to shock, long weeping, loss of food and sleep, resulted in a slow withdrawal even so far as a declining interest in living.

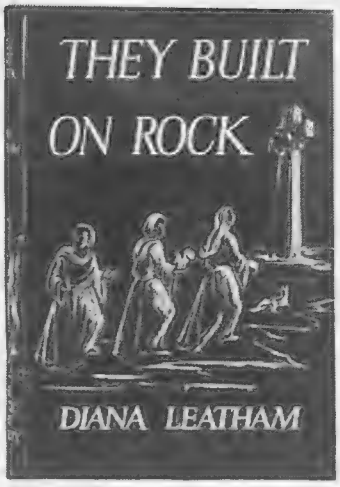
Dr. Spitz makes the claim that emotional starvation is as serious in its consequences to the health as physical starvation. When one adds to this the fact that many juvenile delinquents are proved to be people who have been deprived of the normal love and care of one or both parents, the claim gains an added significance.

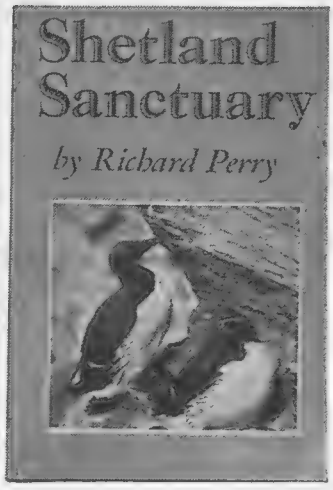
Pioneer hospital work in this connection has already begun and is spreading. At the Tavistock Clinic a leading pædiatrician, Dr. Alan Moncrieff, has instituted experimental planning on the lines indicated. In other hospitals, visiting hours in the children's wards are being made more elastic.

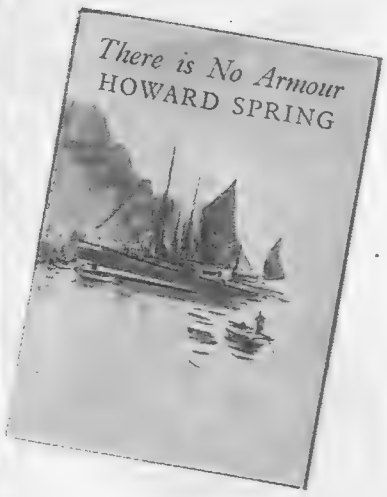
Medical opinion is moving so rapidly towards the conviction that separation of mother and child is a subject requiring urgent attention that an increasing number of hospitals and nursing homes have already discontinued the practice of removing the newly-born child from its mother's side into a distant room.

This new acknowledgment of the overwhelming ties of nature promises some dramatic results in the recovery of sick children. It promises a New Deal for babies and one hopes the end of many heartaches for mothers.

Len Challener.







Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

IT takes courage to write cheerfully of illness and affliction. The Yorkshire author W. Riley did it, I think, in "Netherleigh"; so did Wilson Midgley in "From My Corner Bed"; and some years ago I read a novel which portrayed a sensitive love between patients in a T.B. sanatorium. In "**The Plague and I**" (Hammond, 10s. 6d.) Miss Betty Macdonald writes humorously and defiantly of her experiences as a T.B. patient. It must have been a blow to find herself suddenly in cold storage, for her family's motto was: "People are healthy and anybody who isn't is a big stinker," but the buoyant humour of "The Egg and I" sustained her, and she found much to marvel and chuckle at in her fellow-sufferers. For some who shy at the mention of T.B. and hate talk about "operations, haemorrhages, ambulant patients who were sent back to Bedrest" the grin may seem a trifle grim at times; others will enjoy the book's abounding humanity and triumph over an insidious enemy.

AS diarist, Mr. Reginald Pound is concerned less with himself than with amusing slants on the celebrities he meets Sir Edwin Lutyens, for example, setting a clockwork mouse running across the Liverpool Cathedral plans he is discussing with Church dignitaries and replying, when a Government peer asks him what it would cost to substitute the figure of Lord Kitchener for that of the Duke of York on the Waterloo Place column: "Sevenpence ha'penny. . . . All you'd need is a few ladders and a moustache." Winston Churchill returning to Downing Street in the small hours from a wartime mission with General Pile, putting his foot in the door, and telling the servant: "This is General Goering! Herr Hitler is with me and we want a whisky and soda damn' quick!" "**A Maypole in the Strand**" (Benn, 12s. 6d.) records four-and-half war years as magazine editor with humour, wisdom, and a lively eye for town and country happenings and background.

Art Books

A welcome reprint is Ernest H. Short's "**The Painter in History**" (Hollis and Carter, 30s.), an informative survey of the development of art in many countries, with reproductions of representative pictures.

Shakespeare's "**Venus and Adonis**" (W. H. Allen, 21s.), in a limited edition on fine paper is a prize for collectors and book-gourmets. No type has been used in the production. Both text and illustrations are drawn by Peter Rudland, the script being based on the *Cancellaresca bastarda* of Vespasioano Amphiarco, the sixteenth-century Italian calligrapher.

The first two volumes in the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art (8s. 6d.)—"**Rajput Painting,**" introduced by Basil Gray, and "**Mughal Painting,**" introduced by J. V. S. Wilkinson—have excellent colour plates.

Three Batsford Colour Books (6s. 6d), also of admirable format, are "**Tropical Birds**" from plates by John Gould, "**The Romantic Ballet**" from contemporary prints, both introduced by Sacheverell Sitwell, and "**Garden Flowers**" from plates by Jane Loudon, introduced by Robert Gathorne-Hardy.

TO what extent is the man Shakespeare revealed in his plays? Mr. Leonard Dobbs even suggests that expiation for crimes which he had on his conscience, rather than external theme, may be the hidden source of the tragedies. Bardolaters can spend absorbing hours following his lines of detection and weighing the clues in a detailed analysis of the plays: "**Shakespeare Revealed**" (Skeffington, 15s.).

ANOTHER book for the serious-minded is Miss Diana Leatham's "**They Built on Rock**" (Celtic Art Society, 15s.), an erudite history of the Celtic saints—Patrick, Ninian, David, Columba, Brigid and others who brought light to the dark ages—and of the development of the Celtic Church from Egyptian origins. A touching aspect of these early Christians was their solicitude for wild creatures as well as humans.

They would have understood, I'm sure, the passion of naturalists like Mr. Richard Perry, who has spent lone months on Lundy and Lindisfarne studying the habits of sea-birds. "**Shetland Sanctuary**" (Faber, 25s.) records observations of kittiwake, guillemot, great bonxie, Arctic skua and other rarities during a further vigil on the Isle of Noss, with much about the Bressay crofters with whom he lived and remarkable photographs.

Country Books

For mainly industrial people—and perhaps because of it—we have a devout love of country books. "**Welsh Country Upbringing**" (Batsford, 12s. 6d.), by D. Parry-Jones is an intimate chronicle of farming life. With many illustrations.

Alison Uttley records memories of the small joys that make up a country existence in "**Carts and Candlesticks**" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), with drawings by C. F. Tunnicliffe.

More than a dozen aptly chosen writers contribute to "**The Countryside and how to Enjoy It**" (Odhams, 8s. 6d.), a "value" volume with plenty of half-tone illustrations of country scenes.

"**The Countryman Book**" (Odhams, 10s. 6d.) is a selection of articles and photographs from twenty years' issues of *The Countryman*, chosen by its founder, J. W. Robertson Scott. Lovers of that quarterly will be glad to have the best of it in full-dress.

Flower plates and half-tones add to the attractions of Ethelind Fearon's "**The Making of a Garden**" (MacDonald, 15s.), a book for both the ingrown gardener and hopeful beginner.

THERE are novel readers who care nothing for ingenious plots and much prefer a natural study of human relationships with real people. They will be happy, I think, with Mr. Howard Spring's "**There Is No Armour**" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) as no doubt they were with "Fame is The Spur." It tells the story of a Didsbury music-shopkeeper's son who becomes a celebrated painter: his life through two wars in Manchester and Cornwall: its love, poetry and philosophy: the diverse people linked with it. What his own folk think of Spring's work I don't know—perhaps a Manchester reader would tell me?—but his novels always leave me with a warm affection for them and a wish to know them better. And how can he evoke, with (*Continued on page* 68)

In Search of Glamour . . .

THE gayest and most luxurious section of any large store is the cosmetic department. It looks so elegant and smells so nice. Even the girls behind the counters are usually dressed in pretty overalls. They wear the helpful, pleasant expression of saleswomen eager to be of service to the customer.

It is worth while to wander slowly through cosmetic departments and study group displays as well as special sections. In this way you will have a chance to examine the new preparations put out by each famous firm.

Now and then you will see in the Arden section their special June Geranium Bath Soap the size and shape of a cricket ball and their Blue Grass Flower Mist Friction, Perfume and Brilliantine. In the Goya section you will find the new attractive bottles of Gardenia Bath Salts, Essence, Talcum and Perfume. Cyclax Soap delicately perfumed with violet is my idea of the most luxurious hand soap. Max Factor's Lipstick and Pancake packs are always worth looking at, and the new Gala Lipstick Holder called Lipline, which looks like a long, slim golden fountain pen with the interchangeable colours provides a new lipstick technique which should not be overlooked. **Jane Gordon**

SUPPLY and demand seldom achieve a perfect balance. During the war there was a tremendous demand for cosmetics and apparently endless money to spend on them; but very little supplied. Nowadays we are offered the best selection of cosmetics that the world has ever seen but we seem to have less money to spend than we did during the war and we have lost the art of buying economically.

Consider the problem of face treatment. If you go to any first-class beauty salon you will pay from 10s. to 30s. for a good facial according to whether you are having face massage and make-up or special muscle strapping, contour or mask treatments and when you add twelve per cent tip on top of the treatment your money seems to melt away.

On the other hand you can give yourself a perfectly efficient face treatment at home using the same luxury preparation at a cost of a few shillings. All you need is practice and the determination to spend as much time working over your own face as you would spend in the beauty parlour.

HERE is the routine for a weekly face treatment at home: Before you begin, collect the creams and lotions you are going to need and park them on your dressing-table. Pin your hair up well away from your face and use one of the bandeaux sold at beauty parlours or else an ordinary crepe bandage to protect your hair line. Arrange your mirror so that you can see how you are working. The treatment is divided into three parts: (1) cleanse, (2) massage and (3) exercise. If you like a soap and water wash use a mild soap such as Palmolive, Personality Turtle Oil Soap, Super-fatted Soap or Cyclax. Wash your face with a sponge in fairly hot water, rinse and dry thoroughly then go back to your dressing-table. On your dressing-table you should have your massage cream, your skin tonic, eye lotion, massage moulder or rubber nail brush to use instead of your fingers. Personally I think a rubber nail brush is extremely efficient as it whips up the circulation and obviates all danger of scratching your skin with your finger nails. You will also need plenty of skin tissues. Sit comfortably in front of your mirror with your head held easily, your shoulders relaxed and your chin neither drooping nor strained upwards.

Smear on your massage cream with your fingertips from the base of your neck up to the chin line and all over your face, always with upward and outward strokes, that is, going from the chin line to the front of the ears, from the nose line up towards the temples and from the centre forehead out towards the hair line. Next take your skin moulder or your rubber nail brush and starting with the neck mould from the centre of the neck round to the back, working gradually up under the chin. For a thin neck mould lightly under the chin, for a double chin work hard. After you have dealt with your neck work the cream lightly into the face starting with the point of your chin. Work out along the jaw line to the lobe of your ear. Begin again at the point of the chin and follow the line of your cheek always out towards the front of your ear and up towards your temple. To see the aim and object of face lifting massage you need to put your fingers in front of your ear and lift the muscle upwards towards the temples. The old face lifting operation lifted the muscles in this way and the scar was hidden under the hairline. When (*Continued on page 72*)

Seen in Passing

Valerie Burke brings more news from the shopping front. If you would like further details of any item mentioned by her, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

A NEW gas appliance seen in passing this month has been specially designed to ease the burden of home laundering in winter. This is a simple gas-heating unit which converts any suitable built-in cupboard into a clothes' drying cabinet. The heating unit is installed on the floor of the cupboard and the adaptation completed by getting a carpenter to cut louvres at top and bottom of the door. Plastic rods are fitted inside the cupboard to take the clothes, and practical experience has proved that a normal family wash can be dried ready for ironing in about one hour at a cost of about 1½d. As there is no naked flame, there is no danger of the clothes scorching or becoming damaged in any way. The heating unit costs 10 gns. plus purchase tax—and the plastic rods, 1s. 5½d. per foot.

IT is only recently that Englishwomen have begun to appreciate the possibility of combining comfort and good styling in shoes. Elasticized shoes are the latest development in the field of foot comfort that combines smartness with perfect fitting. While this type of shoe obviates tightness and pressure, their elasticity preserves the shape and fit throughout wear. A wide variety of models for all occasions now available in many fittings and sizes include the neat, instep-hugging suede court illustrated. Obtainable in black or colours, price £7 17s. 3d.

EXPANDABLE hats bring the same principle of elasticity to headwear. Expansion is achieved by a clever introduction of elasticized yarn which will make the hat cling to the head without fear of its blowing off in the fiercest winds of winter. The elasticized yarn here again keeps the hat permanently in shape, and new looking throughout wear. The model photographed on this page is in oatmeal coloured fur felt with grey trimming, price £4 15s., an example from a wide range now available.

GADGETS of the month include the "Moulimincer," (price 8s. 11d.) a grater which will grate all root vegetables coarse or fine as required and deal successfully with the smallest scraps of cheese or nutmeg; the "Passe Vite," a patent vegetable puree colander, price from 14s. 6d. according to size; and

the Auto-Fil teapot, price 58s. 6d., which combines the function of teapot and hot water jug, ensuring that "second cups" are hot and strong.

OF special interest for those with limited living accommodation, an electric waterless cooker that can be plugged into any existing power or lighting point is an excellent investment. There is a neat, table model now on the market which will boil, steam, roast, grill and also bake cakes. It is fitted with a fireproof window so that progress can be watched without disturbing the cooking, and the heating element in the lid to serve as a hot plate. Price £3 17s. 6d.

Warmth In Winter

FUEL saving has made us switch conscious from 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., but many low consumption appliances can be turned on during the night to produce warmth and comfort that count for a great deal during the coldest months of winter. Water heaters, central heating systems, anti-frost devices and low current-consuming heaters switched on during the "off-peak" hours of the night can add considerably to the comfort of living.

Not the least of these are electric bed-warmers and heated blankets. For invalids and older people they made a considerable contribution towards comfort and for the rest, they provide an appreciable luxury in these critical times.

A thermostat-controlled, electric blanket costs £6 1s. 11d., a bed warming pad, about 12 in. square, £3 15s. The warming pad is fitted with a three-heat control, so that the temperature can be regulated as required. Both are low fuel consumption appliances and use little more current during the night than that required to boil a kettle of water to fill a hot water bottle.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Endearing Young Charms

THOSE far-off days when it was considered *comme il faut* for little girls to shun mirrors, have hair screwed back from shiny, scrubbed faces, are, fortunately, as remote as the modes and manners of the time.

To-day, wisely we encourage the young to take an interest in their appearance: from the first moment they trip to a mirror to admire the reflection of the first, frilly party frock, through the leggy stage of schooldays to the late teens when they experiment with pale pink powder and a first lipstick.

Teach them the first principles of beauty soon after they can toddle. At two years of age, present a toothbrush with one row of bristles, and a good quality hairbrush. Let them get used to the feel of a brush in their hand no matter if the results are not particularly effective. You will find it won't be very long before they are brushing their hair "just like Mummy."

Like an adult's, a child's hair should be washed regularly once a week. Make it an exciting event. Attack the occasion with tact and imagination; you will find any child will respond if you bring your inventive faculties into action. Convert the bathroom into a hairdressing salon with yourself as hairdresser. Put your own American cloth cape round the child's shoulders and then: "Now, Madame, I think we're ready."

Use a good make of soapless shampoo, one that emphasizes the natural lustre of the hair and have some warm towels ready for drying. Tell a story while you comb out the knots for this will distract attention. Encourage a tendency to wave by setting with the fingers while the hair is damp. If the hair is very dry, rub oil into the scalp the night before. Brush vigorously morning and night: brush from the nape of the neck to the crown of the head.

CHOOSE a good make of soap; there are many more on the market now. If in any doubt as to which to choose consult your chemist. Toothpaste is unnecessary until the child can handle a brush efficiently.

These preliminary lessons in beauty will all help to sow the foundations of good grooming, a more valuable asset than natural good looks.

Teach your young daughter poise and grace through dancing. Let her begin early. A famous ballet mistress told me recently that children acquire more grace from lessons in ballet than from anything else. Two years old, in her opinion, is not too young to begin.

Use tact when the awkward age comes along and it will not be a problem period. Encourage an interest in clothes, listen to your daughter's views and educate her towards a sense of good taste. By the time she arrives to her late teens she will thus be able to choose her clothes for herself. This will give her that confidence so essential to the adolescent and the "glow of youth," which is typified by the photograph of Peggy Anne Carter on this page.

Times have changed. Cosmeticians are making preparations to-day specially for the girl in her teens. There is, for instance, a lipstick of the faintest pink which has the charming name "Young Pink" which could not offend the sternest critic. This, the faintest dusting of powder and a little Vaseline on the lashes is all that the girl of sixteen needs. And then only for a very special party. . . .

Fresh As A Daisy

GOOD grooming and personal freshness go hand in hand. However perfect your looks and your wardrobe, you cannot be chic if you do not pay attention to detail. The daily bath, mouth washes, dusting powder, bath salts, and deodorants . . . all help to convey the soft, faint fragrance one always associates with the well-groomed woman.

Many women find a deodorant as necessary in the cold as hot weather. Especially in the evenings, in hot, crowded rooms and in restaurants.

Of special interest is a new preparation on the market compounded by an old-established firm, famous for its powders and perfumes. Points in its favour are: it will absorb perspiration, it will not stain or damage clothes, it is non-irritant to sensitive skins, it can be used immediately after shaving and is 100 per cent efficient.

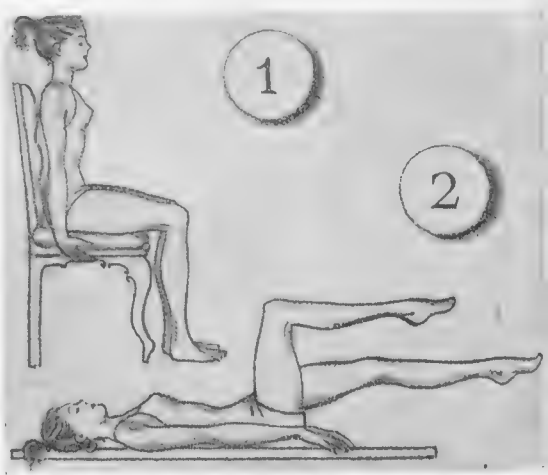


Figure restoring exercises are (1) Sit diaphragm braced. (2) Lie flat and the body to a sitting posture hands, raise the shoulders and rock

Back To Normal

IF you have just had a baby, do not be surprised if your doctor recommends one or two exercises twenty-four hours after the event. This new development of medical science has proved eminently successful. The mother's health benefits—and so does her figure.

Not so very long ago, it was taken for granted that it took a good twelve months to regain your old measurements. Certainly a few there are whose figures never suffer from childbirth but they are very few. To-day, you can regain your old silhouette in a matter of months.

LIKE all figure problems, the process requires the utmost concentration. You must *want* to stick to your programme faithfully. This is more important than anything else for if you have the will to do so you will be prepared to give up a certain amount of your time to exercises, diet and discomfort.

I mention the last-named for this one reason. Once you are up and about again, you should straightway order a belt that will help to keep your abdomen firm. At first, only wear it for part of the day. You will possibly find it misery for the first few days but be firm with yourself. Remember the more you wear it, the sooner your figure will return to normal.

At the same time, have a brassiere—preferably made to measure—that will give your bust freedom but adequate support. This is most important for the bust is inclined to drop after childbirth and therefore needs special attention. At morning and night, tone up the muscles by sponging with cold water.

AS soon as you are up and about again when you sit in a chair remember to sit up straight with your shoulders held well back. This again will help to raise the bustline. Probably you will notice an inclination to slump forward; check it at once. (Queen Victoria retained a straight back to the end of her days because, as a girl, she was made to sit in a chair with a sprig of holly fixed to the neck of her dress so that she would not slouch.)

CONSULT your doctor about diet. If you are very much overweight and he will allow it, cut down starches to a minimum. Replace potatoes by an extra leaf vegetable or a salad. Eat Melba toast rather than bread, saccharin instead of sugar and turn your back on heavy puddings and rich sauces made with flour. Cut out salt, too. Even these few alterations in your diet will help to reduce your weight. If necessary, take a mild laxative at night. And a glass of boiling water with a squeeze of lemon, morning and night. Lie on your tummy at odd moments in the day.

Lastly, exercise, perhaps the most important of all, for it is only by exercise that you can strengthen slackened muscles and reduce permanently.

The following post-natal exercises have been worked out by the medical profession.

You can do the first, a simple breathing exercise, the day after your baby is born.

Lie flat on your back with knees raised from the floor. Breathe in slowly while you count four then breathe out counting four while holding the abdominal muscles firm. Relax and repeat again twice.

After the fifth day, do the following exercises:

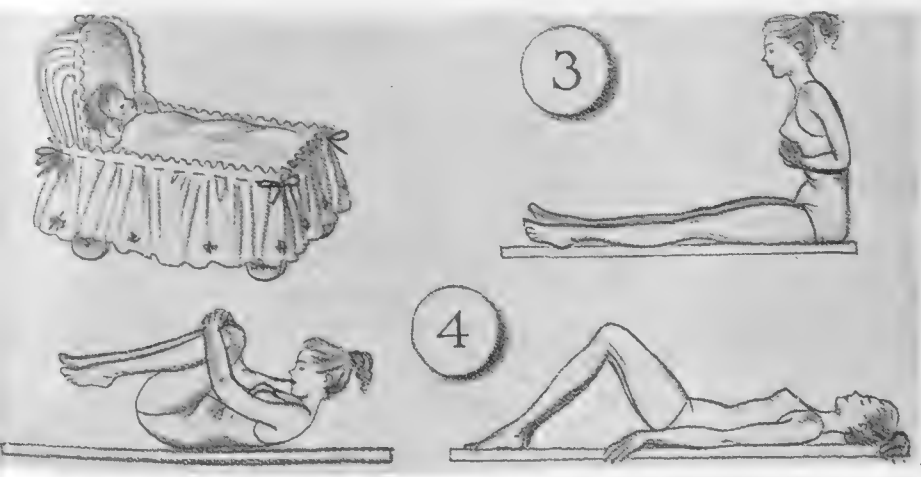
Lie flat on your back with legs straight. Raise them so that they are at right angles with your body, then execute a bicycle movement. Repeat two or three times.

Lie flat on your back with arms by your sides, keep legs straight and then raise one slowly counting four; lower slowly, counting four. Repeat with the other leg.

(For the stomach muscles.) With hands on the abdomen alternately contract and raise the muscles. At the same time take a deep breath and then breathe out slowly. Repeat six times morning and night.

Lie flat on your back, bend the knees and hold with clasped hands. Raise the shoulders and rock the body. Repeat three times.

Though it is important that these exercises should be practised regularly if the figure is to return to normal as quickly as possible, it is equally important that they should not be allowed to cause fatigue. Use your discretion and stop exercising at the first sign of weariness.



straight with your back against a chair back with shoulders well back and do a bicycling movement, repeat several times. (3) Lie prone and raise without using the hands. (4) Lie flat, clasp the knees with the backwards and forwards. Lie flat again and breathe deeply a dozen times

Small Fries

A SMALL fry makes a very tempting breakfast or supper dish for a few people and gives you the opportunity of finishing odds and ends in your larder satisfactorily. All sorts of bits mix unexpectedly well when introduced in the frying pan and can be served prettily arranged like a small grill. "Eating with the eye" is an essential factor with meals served on individual plates. A fry served on a neat round of fried bread or baked bread garnished and served straight from the pan is a dish for a king. "Small Fries" without eggs or bacon or much fat may daunt many before they start, but bear in mind that cooking oil if used smoking hot is excellent for frying and a little goes a long way. The following fries demand no egg and very little bacon.

PIQUANTE SAUSAGES

Ingredients: 1 small sausage each fried and cut in rounds; round of toast; saute potatoes to accompany.

Spread the toast well with margarine. Lay the sausage over it and cover with the following sauce.

Shred an orange rind very thinly and cook in a little water till tender. Melt a walnut of margarine in a pan. Stir in a dessertspoon of flour and cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in gradually a teacupful of stock. Simmer till cooked. Season and add orange juice and rind. Cook a minute or two longer.

PASTRY FRY

Ingredients: ½ lb. plain pastry (2 oz. fat, 8 oz. flour); liver and bacon (chopped small); tomato sauce.

Roll pastry out about ½ in. thick. Cut rounds about 4 in. across. Cut out smaller rounds from the centre of each. Fry rings in very hot fat or oil till golden brown each side. Keep warm and fry liver and bacon very gently. Remove from pan and make a thick gravy with a little flour and water and a dessertspoon of tomato sauce. Blend the liver and bacon with sauce and fill rings.

Potato Fry and Chips

Pastry Fry

POTATO FRY

Ingredients: Chipped Potatoes; 4 rounds of fried bread; 1 onion; 4 tomatoes; 2 sausages.

Chop onion finely. Split sausages in half lengthwise and slice tomatoes. Fry all till onions are golden brown and sausages well cooked and brown; adding tomatoes near the end as they require least cooking. Arrange on rounds of fried bread and serve with chipped potatoes.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK TIT-BITS

Ingredients: Left over mashed potato and cabbage; ½ kidney per person (any meat remnants can be substituted for kidney and bacon); 2 or 3 mushrooms per person; ½ rasher of bacon each; chopped parsley.

Make flat round cakes of potato and cabbage and fry till nicely browned. Keep warm in low oven. Chop mushrooms and fry gently with other ingredients. Arrange. Lightly smear potato cakes with chutney or sauce. Arrange bits on them and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Easy sweets for two or three people can also be done in the frying pan. Fruit fritters are excellent. Rings of apple or orange dipped in frying batter and fried in smoking hot fat till golden brown and crisp on both sides.

The Children Entertain

By Harriet Muir

JANUARY is the month when the children count on entertaining. There may be birthdays and minor festivities through the year but after Christmas is the established time for throwing a party and mothers can generally be relied on to be co-operative at this time of year. So out go the children's invitations and then mother has to do some hard thinking for although the children are in party mood, austerity still reigns in the larder. We probably think we've found inspiration and then remember we had half the things last year and spice of novelty goes such a long way with children. So here are a few ideas to add to yours which will not take heavy toll of your rations.

CREAM HORNS

Ingredients: ½ lb. flaky pastry (8 oz. flour, 5 oz. fat); mock cream for filling; stiff jam.

Roll out pastry about ⅛ in. thick and cut in longish strips ½ in. wide, grease cone-shaped tins (these are obtainable at the larger stores). Brush one side of your strips with water and wind round the tin edges, slightly overlapping. Damp edges at each turn. Brush over with egg or milk and bake in hot oven, Regulo 7 or 450°F about 12 minutes or till golden brown. Remove metal cones very carefully and when horns are cold fill.

Filling

Put a teaspoonful of any firm jam at bottom of each horn. Make stiff mock cream and mix with it chopped banana and chopped nuts if available or coarsely grated chocolate and chopped nuts or if preferred just cream flavoured with vanilla.

MARZIPAN HEDGEHOGS

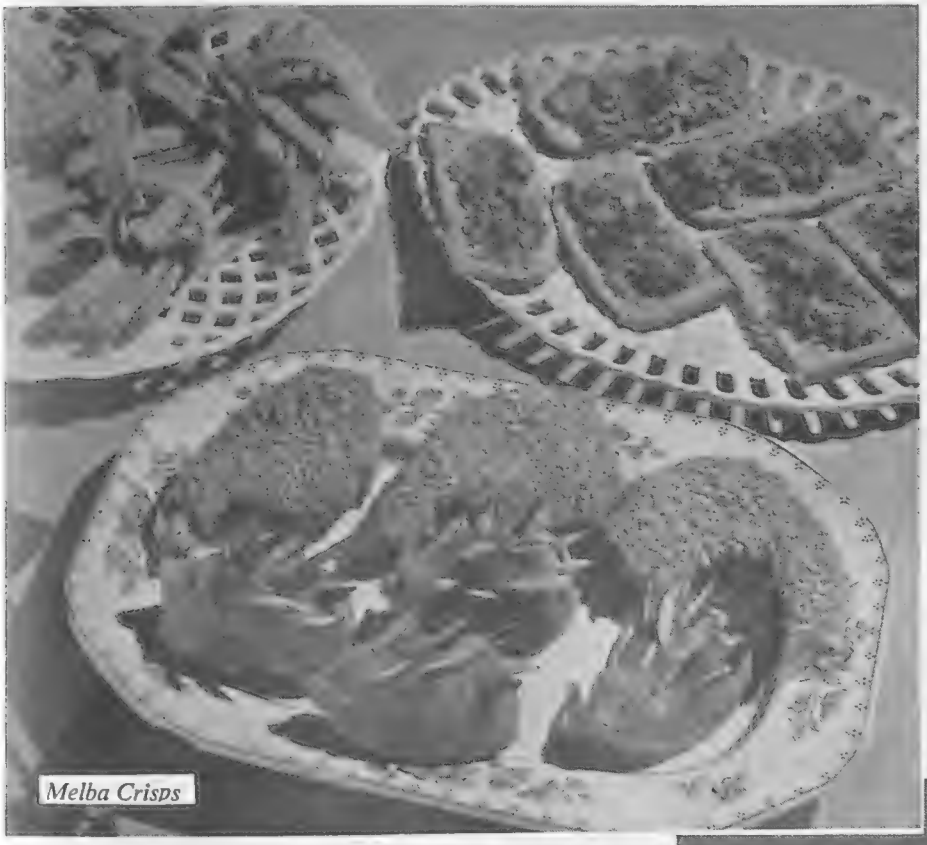
Ingredients for Filling: 4 oz. broken biscuits or cake crumbs; 1½ oz. margarine; ½ oz. sugar; 1 tablespoonful golden syrup; 1 tablespoonful cocoa.

Ingredients for Marzipan: 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. cake crumbs; 2 oz. semolina; 4 oz. sugar. Almond essence to taste.

Marzipan

Bring margarine to boil and simmer semolina in it about 5 minutes, being careful not to burn. Remove from heat and work in sugar, crumbs and flavouring.

(*Continued on page 72*)



Melba Crisps

What's Wrong With The Cabbage?

EVERYTHING has seemed wrong with many of the cabbages I have eaten. The main fault—colour changed from clear green to something nearly olive, wetness, and lack of flavour—turns it into something almost repellent. No wonder cabbage is an underrated vegetable. In the first place cabbage should be as fresh as possible; the ideal, of course, is straight from garden to pan! Don't use coarse outer leaves. Cabbages often harbour many caterpillars so wash very well, but not in salt or the creatures will remain dead inside. I prefer to shred cabbage; this finds out insects and assists quick cooking; the keynote to good greens. Use a minimum of water (just enough to avoid burning). Salt well; cook quickly 10-15 minutes in covered pan.

Water must be boiling when cabbage goes in. Cook till tender but not mushy, drain at once; never leave standing. Press away all wetness with presser. Sprinkle with pepper and mix in. Keep cabbage water for stock. A pinch of bicarbonate of soda is commonly used to ensure good colour. It softens hard stalks but destroys some of the virtue of the cabbage.

Braised cabbage done in a casserole in the oven with a little fat and no water is very good. Allow 2 ozs. fat, cook very gently.

Cream Horns

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colds?

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NOW

Many people, who habitually suffered from colds in winter, have found that a course of Serocalcin enables them to go through the difficult months without catching cold. Serocalcin does not succeed in every case, but its record makes it worthy of a trial by everybody subject to colds.

Prevention of Colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing Cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days.

When a cold is firmly established, quick results cannot be expected but Serocalcin is very effective in shortening the duration of stubborn colds. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: The immunising course of 60 tablets costs 7/6 plus 1/9 Purchase Tax. The treatment pack of 20 tablets costs 3/- plus 9d. Purchase Tax.

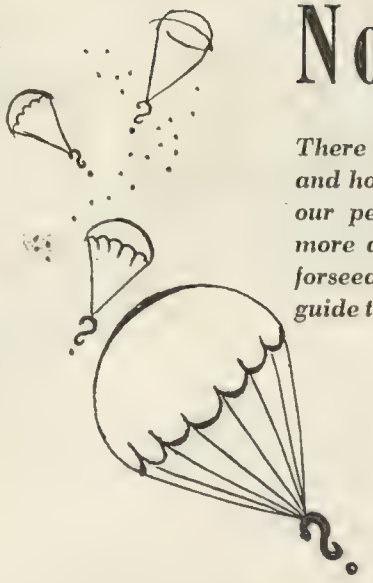
All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN *Regd.*

FOR THE PREVENTION
AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

Notes On Nylon

There is still a good deal of speculation about nylon and how it behaves. Its limited supply has also limited our personal knowledge of its characteristics, but as more and more nylon production is promised for the forseeable future the following facts will serve as a guide to the practical value of nylon for many purposes



Q. Do nylon stockings and fabrics melt if you hang them near a fire?
A. No, indeed they don't. It is quite safe to hang nylon things as near the fire as you would any other clothes—on a rack or clothes horse, for instance.
Q. Should nylon fabrics be ironed damp or dry?
A. It is easier to iron them when they are nearly or quite dry. They can be ironed on either side, preferably one thickness at a time. Take care not to press buttons or fastenings into the fabric.
Q. Do moths eat nylon?
A. No. Nylon is not a food for moths or silver-fish or any other insects, so nylon garments can safely be kept in a cupboard or drawer.

Q. What sort of nylon fabrics are there besides parachute nylon?
A. There are all kinds of new nylon fabrics now which will be appearing in the shops more and more : voiles, chiffons, marquisettes, nets, and other lightweight materials, satins and taffetas, piques and poults in the slightly heavier cloths, and nylon tricots.
Q. Are nylon fabrics suitable for curtains?
A. Not always at present ; like other textiles, nylon fabrics tend to weaken after many months of exposure to strong sunlight.
Q. I haven't done any dressmaking with nylon fabrics before. Is there anything special to remember when cutting-out this fabric?
A. Allow ample seams when you cut out your fabric, so that there is no danger of the seam slipping.
Q. What about sewing nylon fabrics?
A. Use a loose tension on your machine, or keep the stitches fairly loose if you are sewing by hand. If you are pressing the fabric, use a medium iron.

Q. I've heard that nylon underwear feels cold if you wear it next your skin. Is that true?
A. It is certainly not true of the latest nylon fabrics made for underwear. Some women found parachute nylon cold when they used it for night-dresses, because this particular construction of nylon fabric was never meant for the purpose. Now, however, there are new types specially designed for lingerie which are comfortable because their construction is more open.
Q. What are the special advantages of nylon for corsets and brassieres?
A. The main points are extra strength and hard-wearing qualities. Because nylon yarn is so strong even delicate-looking nylon fabrics like nylon marquisette can be used for corset panels. That means that even a corset designed for a really heavy figure can still look dainty and attractive, and because nylon stands rubbing and pressure so well a nylon corset and brassiere will last a long time.

Q. Why do I have to give up more coupons for no-seam nylons than for other seamless stockings? Are the no-seam nylons really so much better?
A. Yes. Apart from the extra wear you will get from them because they are nylon, no-seam nylons are given a permanent leg shape by a preboarding process. They never lose this shape no matter how many times they are washed, so they are quite different from other seamless stockings.
Q. How do you wash nylon stockings?
A. Just as you would any other stockings. Wash them in warm, soapy water; rinse them thoroughly, roll them in a towel to blot off the surplus moisture and hang them up to dry, preferably over a smooth rail to avoid danger of snags, or by the welts if you are using clothes pegs or a stocking hanger.
Q. Should nylon stockings be ironed?
A. Never. This is absolutely unnecessary. Nylon stockings dry rapidly and keep their shape however many times they are washed.

We've come a long way

Right from the earliest days, Ford set out to provide trouble-free motoring. To-day's Ford owner, moving swiftly, safely and comfortably from place to place, takes Ford reliability for granted. But this satisfying Ford motoring hasn't just "happened." It is the result of over forty years hard work and inspired foresight. To-day the Ford organization is unique: all over the country there are Dealers — with Ford-trained mechanics and Ford-approved methods — to keep your Ford constant in performance. Yes, Ford motoring is safe, sure *and* economical, for all repairs, all genuine spares have low *and fixed* prices.

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LASTS THE WHOLE
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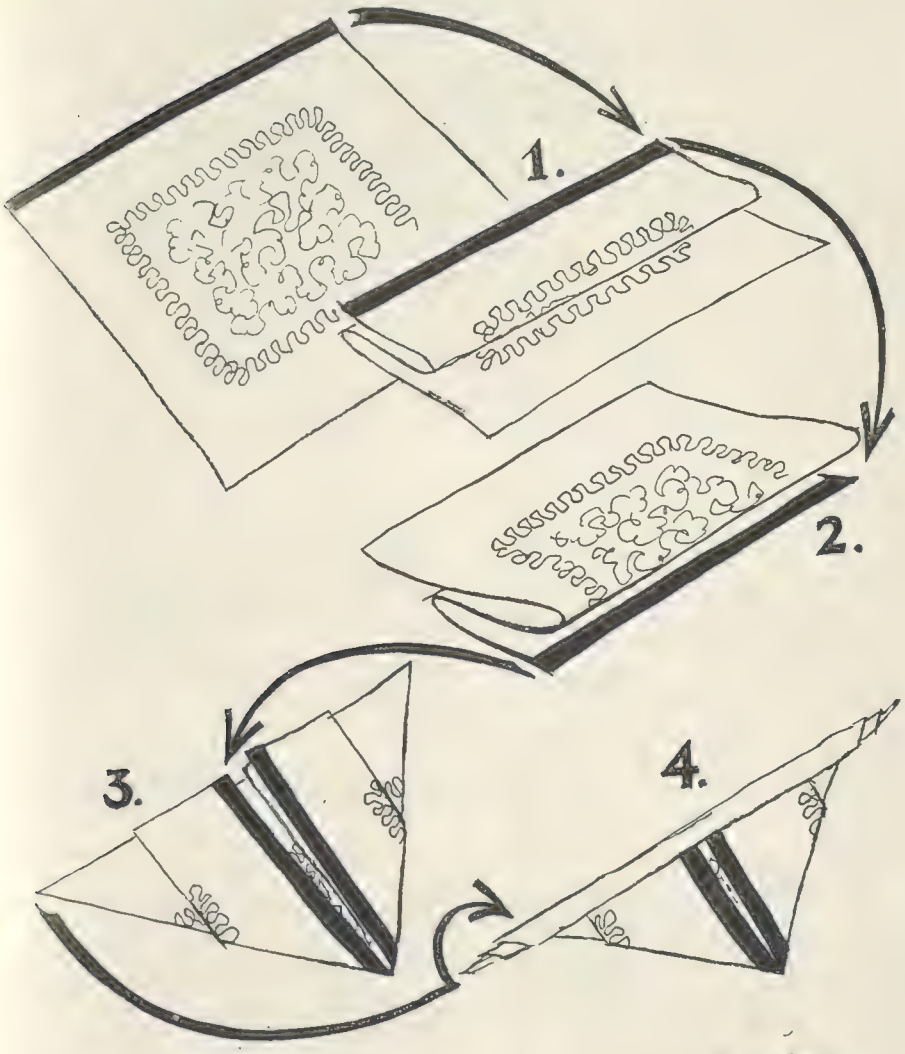
Scarf Into Hood

A Simple Way Of Folding A Bright Square Into A Cosy Hood For The Cold Weather



1. Lay a square scarf flat, then fold into three by folding first in half and then the top half back again.
2. Reverse scarf so that wide fold is uppermost.
3. Fold into a triangle, with the centre point of the folded edge forming the apex of the triangle.
4. Roll the base of the triangle a few times to make neck band.
5. Lift scarf, and with rolled edge outwards, form into a bonnet. The bonnet is kept in place by tying the rolled ends under the chin.

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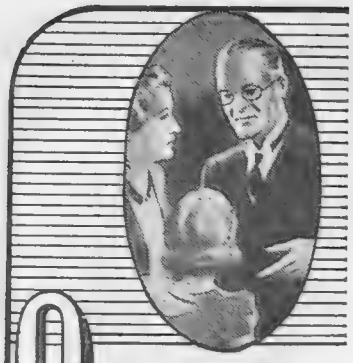

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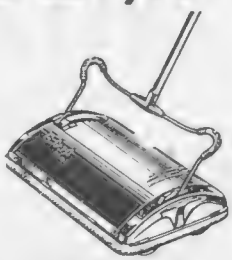

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Cuticura

THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

17

You Bet Your Life

(*Continued from page 12*)

And now we can go back to the Casino.

IT was about ten o'clock when Anna, for the second time, walked up those brightly lit steps, and passed through the hall into the gambling rooms. They were beginning to fill up, and many of the tables were already crowded. But those were only the little tables, the bourgeois tables, where people gambled for a mere fiver. The high table, where fortunes were won and lost, was still empty.

Good. That was just as she wanted. Anna looked around her. Then she beckoned to an attendant.

"I shall be sitting here after dinner," she said. "In the meantime I wish to see the *maître d'hôtel*."

The attendant shrugged his shoulders. "He is in the restaurant, mam'selle."

Anna's eyes flashed. "I wish to see him here. In this room. At once!" And she drew herself up as they had taught her to draw herself up in the shabby school of dramatic art in Warsaw where she had first learned the tricks of the trade. It was a good gesture, well-timed, and a moment later the *maître d'hôtel* was standing by her side.

"You do not know me, monsieur," she said.

He bowed. It was regrettable, but true.

"It is my first visit; I arrived only an hour ago; and so—of course—I have not spent any money . . . *yet*." A significant pause before the "yet."

"In spite of this," she continued, "at a certain time in the evening I shall ask you to bring me my bills. Yes, my bills. You will make them out for approximately a million francs. I will pay them at once. There will be a *pourboire* for you of ten per cent."

Needless to say, it was not put quite so tersely as that; there were hints, hesitations, persuasions. But all was finally arranged to Anna's satisfaction.

The clock switched forward to midnight. Picture the scene at the high table, which is now the centre of a glittering crowd of cosmopolitans. Mr. Vandenrock, flushed and slightly intoxicated, is winning heavily. Opposite him sit three members of the Greek syndicate, glaring at him like plucked vultures. All round the table there is a rich assortment of powdered bosoms, presumably heaving and certainly bejewelled.

But where is Anna? Ah! Here she comes at last. She looks very beautiful, though somewhat *distraite*. Mr. Vandenrock rises, bows. He is obviously *épris*. She returns the bow, but distantly. All eyes are upon her.

"*Messieurs, mesdames, faites vos jeux!*"

Slowly, very slowly indeed—for she has delicious hands—Anna placed a plaque on the black.

"*Les jeux sont faits!*"

The ball spins, tinkles, stops.

"*Trois—ROUGE!*"

The loss of Anna's little plaque has the table enthralled. What will she do? Has she any more money? Who *is* she?

Above all, what will Mr. Vandenrock do?

The table is not left long in doubt. With a brusque gesture, he pushed over to her a pile of ten-thousand franc plaques.

"*Permettez moi, mam'selle,*" he says. "It will bring me luck."

Anna regards the pile of plaques as though they smelt very disagreeable indeed, and then stares at the ceiling with an extremely Polish expression.

Mr. Vandenrock obviously cannot let matters rest there. Among the watching bosoms he has many friends. He is known as a man who always gets what he wants, in public and in private.

"But *mam'selle*—I insist!"

The bosoms are rigid with excitement; over the whole table there is a feeling of acute suspense; even the croupier seems frozen into immobility, and holds his hand suspended at the wheel, lest he should shatter the silence with the tinkling of the little silver ball.

Through that silence comes the voice of Anna, pitched sweet and clear, just as they taught her in the dramatic class at Warsaw, when they always warned her to aim at the man sitting in the back row of the gallery.

"I do not gamble again, monsieur, until I have paid my bills."

Back comes the voice of Mr. Vandenrock saying . . . as destiny had planned. . . . "I should be enchanted to pay them."

To which Anna, in accents which reflected the highest credit on her elocution master, retorts:

"*There is no man in this Casino, monsieur, who is rich enough to pay my bills.*"

There was genius in that short sentence; it was a dart hurled straight and true at the centre of an old man's vanity.

At that moment, precisely, dramatically, the black-coated figure of the *maître d'hôtel* bent low beside her, bearing a silver tray which was loaded with Anna's fictitious bills.

At that moment, also, the shareholders in Mr. Vandenrock's business, if they had been psychic, would have sold their holdings at any price they could get. For Mr. Vandenrock paid those bills on the silver tray. And for the rest of his life—so ardently did Anna practise her supreme art of listening—he continued to pay, through the nose, and through every other available organ, till in the end there was nothing left for anyone.

It is a human little story. And everybody comes out of it very well. For when Mr. Vandenrock went bankrupt, and when there was not much point in listening to him any longer, Anna decided that she really ought to do something to show her gratitude for favours past. And so . . . for a large sum, and to a new admirer . . . she sold one of the first presents he had ever given her—a Canaletto, which she had always suspected, and rightly, of being bogus.

She sent Mr. Vandenrock the cheque, and with the cheque, a charming little note, fragrant with nostalgia and Chanel Number 5. It ended with the words . . . "The trouble about you, my dear, is that you talk too much."

That's his story and no doubt he'll stick to it. But meanwhile RUPERT CROFT-COOKE has something to say.

IN the first place I think that Beverley Nichols distorted the facts a little. He speaks of "old" Mr. Vandenrock. Who said anything about "old"; As a matter of fact it was young Mr. Vandenrock who was wildly gambling away the Vandenrock millions—that slim, suave, svelte and soigné young man who is to be met everywhere at the Monte Carlo I know best, the Monte Carlo of Mr. Philips Oppenheim. And Anna wasn't really so designing. She was young and impetuous and very unhappy. Oh yes, she had laid her little scheme. She had decided to sit next to a millionaire. But what she really wanted, in common with all her mad and frivolous generation, was a good time. And for one evening at least she had it.

Anna had been unlucky all her life. You remember in Conrad's story *The End of the Tether* how Captain Whalley recognized that peculiar thing bad luck in his son-in-law's "punctuality in failure." There are people whom it dogs so faithfully, so consistently, that one wonders how they have the heart to try again. Yet they are usually gamblers. Anna was like that. She had suffered a series of quite ghastly misfortunes which had left her struggling through dreary cabaret numbers in a dingy club when with just ordinary good fortune she might have been a star. Her flight to Monaco had been much more of a last gamble than a carefully-laid plot. She had even read somewhere of that mythical little graveyard near the Casino where they are supposed to bury the gamblers who have been broken on the wheel.

So that when she came to the High Table that night and took her place beside the man whose portrait she had seen in her daily newspaper, she was going to bet more than a plaque worth so many thousand francs. She was going to bet her life. She had sold everything she had for this and even then had not enough (*Continued on page 54*)

There's a lasting liking for Weston's Oval Arrowroot

Sweetish but not too sweet—plainish but not too plain. A biscuit for anyone of any age at any time, because it has the kind of goodness which all can appreciate, and because it is easy to digest. Supplies are still limited, unfortunately.

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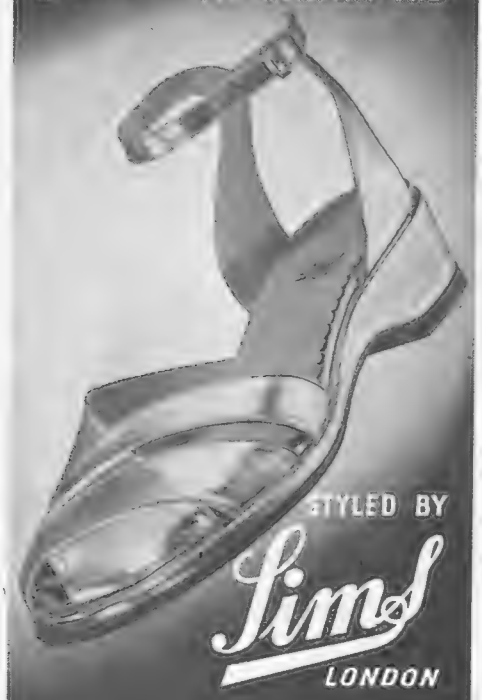

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Dear Sirs, Surrey.

It gives me very great pleasure to confirm the many tributes to the soothing and helpful qualities of Macleans Stomach Powder, and to assure you that it is most certainly "one of the things I would not be without"...

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I always have some at home—also at the office—so that no matter what discomfort I feel, a small dose of Macleans puts me in good shape... Yours truly, (Signed) A.M.

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money for a return ticket. She looked very charming in the beautiful dress she had obtained almost by false pretences, but it was noticeable that she wore not a single piece of jewellery. No one would have guessed that this was because she hadn't a piece left.

She sat watching the wheel for a moment with a remote, almost bored expression. Her hand was quite steady and there was no fear in her eyes. This was her big moment and she wasn't going to spoil it by being jumpy or hysterical. A gambler since childhood she knew that only once or twice in a lifetime can one have the overpowering thrill of staking one's whole future on a single throw. And win or lose she was determined to draw the last breath of excitement from it.

As calmly as if it were a small tip she were leaving on the table for the croupier, she placed her plaque and waited. No one watching her would have dreamt that she did not play here every night. She turned away as the wheel was set spinning and appeared to be taking an interest in another table. But she was listening for the croupier's expressionless announcement of the result. It came. *"Le huit—NOIR!" She had won.*

Anna did not pause to consider that she had defeated the forces of misfortune which had played hell with her life till then. Calmly, and not without grace she scooped in her counters and laid them out for the next turn of the wheel. And, of course, she won again. And went on winning. And winning.

She seemed unaware that a crowd was gathering round the table as she placed her plaques time after time and accumulated a mountain of them. She seemed—indeed she *was* aware of nothing very much except the celestial certainty that she could not make a mistake. She followed no system. She made no calculations. She seemed to play in a haphazard thoughtless way as though it was slightly tiresome. But she was quite absorbed. So absorbed that she had entirely forgotten Mr. Vandenrock.

Mr. Vandenrock, on the other hand, was acutely aware of her, for he had spent the last hour following her in reverse. When Anna had played on the red he had played on the black. When her discs were on the high numbers his were on the low. So it followed that he had lost heavily. He smiled as he saw Anna's growing pile and his own dwindling one. Finally he exhausted the quite adequate funds he had brought with him.

The first Anna realized of his presence beside her was when he called an attendant and gave him instructions for bringing his cheque-book from the hotel. In a moment she saw that more than the luck of the game was with her.

"Please help yourself till he brings your cheque-book," she said carelessly, as she looked over the green baize for new worlds to conquer.

Again smiling, Mr. Vandenrock thanked her and borrowed a pile of thousand-franc discs. He continued to smile when some hours later Anna appeared to be a trifle exhausted and in need of a glass of champagne. He was smiling as he accompanied her across the garden to her hotel that night, and smiling when they came out of church side by side a fortnight later. And as far as one can gather from photographs in the Press he, and Anna, are smiling still.

But MONICA DICKENS has a woman's privilege—the last word.

You Bet Your Life

I'VE read those two stories, and I'm sorry, but I don't agree with either. Both are possible—in the pages of fiction perhaps, or, which may be the same thing, in the mind of a male author. But as a woman, I don't think either of them is true to life.

In one story, Anna lost her gamble but won her man (and her money). In the other, she won her gamble and did the same. But Life isn't like that. More often than not, it isn't red or black which turns up, but zero. You don't win or lose outright; you steer a middle course, or something else quite unexpected happens, quite different from what you planned.

This is what I think happened to Anna.

She played for a long time at high table, neither winning nor losing, just breaking even. She didn't attract much attention; people were too busy playing. She attracted no attention at all from Mr. Vandenrock, who turned out to be neither an old sugar daddy, nor a glamorous young playboy, but just a very dull middle-aged American businessman with a grim-lipped wife in pince-nez who fed him digestive pills from time to time. He wasn't even so very rich. The best seat was always reserved for him because the croupier's American uncle was a brother of one of Mr. Vandenrock's relations who had migrated with his family to Detroit. He had a good publicity agent.

He was short-sighted, so he did not see how lovely Anna looked. He had lost his sense of smell through sinus trouble, so he was impervious to her perfume. Anna got very bored. She got so bored that she even *tried* to lose all her money, just for a thrill. But always, with her last plaque, she would win, and get back just enough to go on gambling with, though not nearly enough to buy a sable cape, or even one tiny diamond.

Presently, she murmured farewell to anyone who might be listening, only nobody was, and wandered away to the ballroom. She was tired now, and drooping a bit. She did not look so glamorous.

So the young English doctor, who was having a week's holiday at his aunt's villa, but had escaped because he could not bear his aunt any longer, was emboldened to ask her to dance. His dinner jacket did not fit very well; he danced atrociously; he had a slight stammer and he told Anna that he could not afford even to go into the gambling rooms. But it was quite the nicest thing that had ever happened to her. It could not have been nicer if she had come all the way to Monte Carlo just for this one dance with a shy, clean, lumpy young English G.P.

It didn't end there, of course, because that's just the way you always meet your husband—when you're not looking for him. They live at Bromley now, in a charming, untidy house and have three charming, untidy children. Anna doesn't wear diamonds or orchids or sables. Most of the time, she wears an apron. Or you can see her in the morning in an old mackintosh with a scarf tied round her beautiful black hair, a shopping basket on one arm, and a dead weight of child dragging on the other.

She's blissful, that's what happened to her. But of course, that's only the woman's point of view.

END

Money Matters (*Continued from page* 13)

A little later, Dr. Salazar was called in and he gave the milreis some injections of discipline. When milreis was strong enough, Dr. Salazar changed his name from milreis to escudo. Now Senhor Escudo is one of the strongest members of the Money family; he belongs to the branch known as Hard Currency.

Oh, yes indeed, no member of the Money Family need ever really lose heart. Think of the case of ole man Boss Dollar. I was at his New York bedside in 1929 and again in 1932 when that ole man hit the dirt as they used to say in Boss Dollar's country. The late President Roosevelt lifted Boss Dollar off the Gold Standard in order to give him air. The "good ole American dollar" was in a poor way. Yes, sir. And yet, look what a come back he staged. Certainly no member of the family need ever despair. I hope John Sterling is listening. I will return to his affairs in a moment or two. "What are you going to use for money?" How often are we quizzed with that wisecrack imported from the United States. People use strange things as money. I have among my curios some short pieces of iron wire, each about the length of an unused (*Continued on page* 56)

Jane's aware

that elegance means
greatest care
in choosing what's
just right to wear.
And when it comes
to buying hose,
another thing—
Jane always knows
it's best
to invest
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No tossing and turning . . no restless gestures . . no mumbled attempts at speech. Baby sleeps deeply and peacefully because his tummy's peaceful too. Thanks to 'Milk of Magnesia'* and a sensible Mummy!

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Your little one feels better right away when you rub Vick on chest, throat and back at bedtime!
Works Outside! Vick warms the skin like a poultice, relieving achy tightness. **Works Inside!** At the same time, its medicinal vapours are breathed in, and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, ease coughing.
This "inside-outside" action works for hours while your little one sleeps. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

pencil. These things are each equal to one penny. I found them in use in the Liberian jungle, but they are come there in the possession of natives who had come into the country from the French Congo. In Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, the only bank is an American bank, but the only coinage is British; silver sixpenny pieces and copper pennies.

When Money began to lead his chastened life, which has now gone on for about twenty years, South-East Europe strictly controlled his travels. I remember with what indignation I treated a bank cashier in Odessa because he dared scribble in my cherished passport the record of a transaction I had just put through.

I had purchased some Turkish pounds, because I was on my way to Constantinople. That was in 1928 and well do I remember how angry I was with that Russian because he had scribbled on a British passport which in those days we thought sacrosanct. If I could have then projected my mind into the not so very far away future and could have foreseen a British Labour Government printing passports with the back page made up like a ledger! Poor Money, poor fellow, poor John Sterling!

Well, John, let's have a look at you; tell me, how are you feeling and faring?

In our crack British liners we now have banks aboard and we can change cheques, but in New York, we can buy British banknotes for a trifle more than half their face value. You can buy thousands of one pound notes for $2.55. I said you can buy thousands and I mean that because I have bought some and I have seen thousands lying there, but when you have bought them, what then? You can, of course, spend as many of them as you like aboard ship coming back to England, but when you land you are allowed to have £5 in your possession. Just that and no more. Then how about those hundreds of thousands of one pound notes in New York (and other North American cities); how did they get there and what is their ultimate destination? I wouldn't know about that, but I do know that despite all the wiles of the smugglers, the travelling cases with the false bottoms and so forth, very little English money is smuggled into Britain.

One would think, would one not, that we would be glad to see the prodigal home again, but Sir Stafford Cripps has his own ideas. Then, another thing, although we are so inhospitable to John Sterling, when he is

home, we take jolly good care not to let him out again!

Five pounds you can bring in and five pounds you can take out and there is no argument about that, either. The ladies and gentlemen with the false bottom cases try to smuggle money out as well as in, but it seldom works. Yes, poor Money must sometimes think of his devil-me-care days when a casual tripper from London tossed a golden coin on to the green baize covered table in Boulogne Casino. Now? The casino is blitzed to blazes and if it were not, there would not be a gold coin? they are somewhere in the sands of Araby.

Crazy? I think it is crazy myself. You want to go abroad and you have to form fours, or rather, to fill up Form V and queue up to buy Swiss francs and if you cash a cheque abroad, Scotland Yard will be after you. Hush, hush, here comes the Bogey Man.

Some two years ago the front pages of our papers were filled with the doings, real and imaginary, of a man named Max Intrator. The Paris police jailed him and kept him a long while and then turned him loose. He is still loose. There is nothing to be done about it. Walk to-day in any street within a quarter of a mile of the Paris Opera House and if you look English or American you will be accosted time and time again and asked if you want to change dollars or pounds. Boss Dollar is more in demand, but John Sterling is in the money in Paris. Not so long ago I found myself in a Paris bar brought up alongside Inspector Blank of Scotland Yard. We talked of this and that and I tactfully led up to "How do you spot the cheque-smashers?" (I speak the language). "We don't," said the inspector, "they give themselves away. We merely have to watch the big gamblers."

I have not the space to-day to write of other facets of this money matter, but it is in effect merely a matter of human nature. When Money could go where he liked, when he liked, how he liked, he was a pretty good chap. Now we have got him on the run; we have driven him underground. We exile and outlaw him, so, well, he has to defend himself.

Money, the root of all evil? I wouldn't know, but I'm inclined to agree with an old uncle of my mother's. He used to say money was an awfully nice thing to have around the house.

END

Round To-morrow's Corner

(*Continued from page 16*)

and another in Kensington almost simultaneously, but by different methods, discovered how to combine two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. New stories at the time announced the discovery as "the latest and most deadly poison known," the new liquid being odourless, tasteless, and leaving no trace. So far as we know, however, no Moriarty of crime has used "heavy water," as the new product was called, to kill off his victim.

The public remained blandly unaware that "heavy water" was a vital link in the chain of processes that eventually would solve the problem of making an atomic bomb.

The same misted sight was manifest a little later, when a group of American scientists built and operated a 10,000,000-volt siege gun which demonstrated the existence of strange new forces, more powerful than any known, within the nucleus of the atom. It was noted that these forces acted as though they were compressed energy. The scientists were getting their first practical glimpse at the terrifying power that, a decade later, would disintegrate Hiroshima and bring to an abrupt and stupifying end the Japanese dream of Pacific empire.

THE shadow of the atomic bomb and its vast destructive power hangs heavily over the world. In perspective shall we see this force as a beneficial one, after all? It's possible. Dynamite, which terrified our grandfathers, turned out that way. Without it, modern engineering and mining would be impossible. We owe to this safe explosive the world's great canals and tunnels and city subways and tube railways. It has enabled us to work successfully the earth's deposits of coal, metals and minerals, and to get at deep-sunk oil reservoirs.

The atomic bomb destroyed two big Japanese cities and 100,000 Japanese men, women and children. But it stopped the Pacific war a year ahead of time, and halted the mass slaughter by Japanese of their prisoner victims (a million had perished, many with horrible sufferings, before the end). Millions of human beings who would have been slain as the war dragged on still live on uninjured.

To-day the bomb, stock-piled, is probably the only thing that holds the Red armies from sweeping through Europe. Lying quiet in its secret stores, it is the invisible but potent barrier halting a resumption of the old Asiatic urge to roll out of Asia to the western sea.

THE work of harnessing nuclear fission to industry proceeds. In time it will revolutionize the shape and technique of human life. But whether this will start to happen this side of 1975 is anybody's guess. The first crude but practical atomic engine or power plant may be one or it may be ten decades distant. (*Continued on page 58*)

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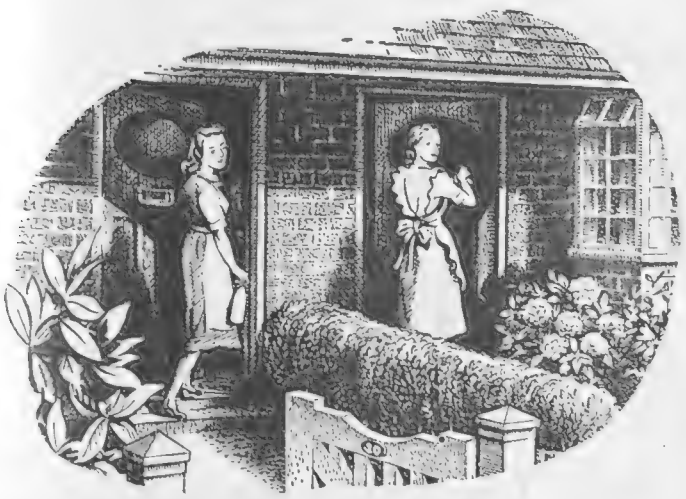

"There goes Nurse Franklin!"

In the black Gladstone bag, the one that fascinates little girls and boys, Nurse Franklin has packed all that she needs for helping people in their sickness. Swabs, scissors and saline; bandages, masks and forceps. And, like every other District Nurse in Britain almost without exception, she carries a bottle of **'DETTOL'**

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AN ADJUSTMENT of domestic tariffs for electricity has been introduced at the request of the Government. To curtail use of current during the peak periods, roughly one-third of a penny will be added to the normal running charge per unit during *three* winter months; but the normal charge will be reduced by one-tenth of a penny per unit during the remaining *nine* months of the year.

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January, 1949

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FLOOR POLISH & FURNITURE CREAM

Ask also for RONUK BOOT POLISH

One can be very wrong in many things that seem to promise bigger and better developments. When the R100 was building I had a long talk with Burney, the naval officer turned dirigible builder. He painted pictures for me of huge, motorized, helium-inflated cigars plying between the world's capitals. This dream of the future did not really fade until, in 1927, a gangling young aviator demonstrated that with a 200-h.p. motor equipped with wings, a man could carry himself and one-tenth of a ton besides, and fly non-stop for thirty-five hours at 100 miles an hour. Then the dream of the dirigible faded. Similarly many things that now seem headed for giant growth are destined to develop infantile diseases, and pass out before reaching maturity.

PROVIDED that we are spared World War III—which must devastate Europe even though the West emerges ultimately triumphant over the Asiatic breed of man—one can discern fairly clearly whither some visible existing trends are leading.

For instance, in the past it was easy to see at the opening of a particular half-century that more people would die of the violence of civil war and social disorder, or of the ravages of some form of plague or prevalent disease such as tuberculosis or smallpox. Now it can be scientifically proven that over the next half century, to A.D. 2000, more people will die of some variant of the malady called old age. This is due to increasing conquest of diseases which formerly killed off men and women before their normal allotted life span. Possibly this curve will be lifted to a sharper angle of ascent by the progressive success of organized movements to diminish accidents. To-day the automobile, the industrial machine, and the civilized home comforts and conveniences of bath-tub, electrified kitchens, domestic step-ladders, kitchen knives and can openers, and rugs on polished floors, cause as many casualties as a major war. But the determined assault by government and insurance companies, both hard hit, on this mass killing through preventable accident, may give more people a longer life span.

It is also clear that city congestions will be gradually broken up, and that human communities will slowly, and painfully—witness the uproar when some new garden city scheme cuts across the human rights of some old couple to continue to inhabit a decrepit villa in which they have lived all their lives—be dispersed into well-planned and enormous suburbs, linked by phone and arterial road, and saved from the curse of through heavy traffic, especially at night, by the building of broad concrete by-pass traffic ways.

Planned society will be extending, but with most of the rough edges rubbed off as people get more into the way of the inevitable transition from a planless to a better planned way of life, and bureaucracy and bullying are less in evidence. We shall have a Conservative Government once again in England, but it will continue the planning trend, although with less haste than the socialistic doctrinaires. It's a natural law in the kind of age that man's

Round To-morrow's Corner

conquest of nature has created. We may see the best elements of capitalism and Socialism combining to produce a better balance in our management of our affairs.

RADIO was born with the first CQD, now known as the SOS, signal. It was the application to the dot-dash communications system of a discovery in physics made years before. Those who sat in at the birth saw simply a miraculous solution of the problem of ship-to-shore and ship-to-ship communication. The average citizen had no notion that this was the embryo of broadcasting.

Broadcasting made its debut in 1920, as a few American amateurs caught the results of the U.S. presidential election through using an exciting new toy which captured voice waves propelled through the ether (the first broadcasting company was not organized till six years later). Those early enthusiasts had no idea that sight by radio would follow relatively swiftly on the heels of sound by radio. Currently the latter wonder is confined to the field of entertainment, and pictorial information. News photographs are transmitted by land line and radio over continents and oceans. They are not too good, but better apparatus will bring improvement. Out of this will come the broadcasting of visual messages. In time this will be harnessed to a domestic facsimile service.

Before this happens a revolution in the newspaper industry may occur, caused by a radio facsimile service increasing and cheapening transmission of news material. Schools and educational processes may be radically affected by the wonders stemming from television. The talking book will arrive

Conditions which now seem permanent will dissolve with varying speed. In some cases we may not be immediately aware of the ebbing and the waning. Since 1946 there has been a "bear market" on the stock exchange. This era of declining prices and dealings will come to a normal end, and give place to a curve of rising prices and dealings, culminating, perhaps before the end of the sixth decade, in a roaring bull market reminiscent of 1928-9, 1936-7 and 1946-7. Large sums of money will again be made by stock-market gambling—and most of it will be lost again, as usual, by the over-optimistic ones, and the mugs. Scarcity will be replaced by glut, and sometime before 1975 the prices of everything from cows to corsets, and silk stockings to stocks and shares, will nose-dive, amid the wails of sellers and the chortles of buyers. Then shipping companies will beg us to rent their de luxe cabins at cut rates, and we shall be able to get sleeping-car reservations without bribing anyone or booking weeks ahead.

We can be pretty certain that new wars will be fought for old reasons. We must hope that they will stay small, like those in Palestine and Greece, and that they won't detonate World War III. But whether our hopes are well-founded we shall have to live until A.D. 2000 to find out.

END

Good-Bye, Leicester Square

(*Continued from page 15*)

L'Europe, for others the fiercer and more sinister atmosphere of The Provence, for others the more open Leicester Lounge, up the flight of brass-bound stairs—there were women at all these places. Sporting characters went to the Queen's Hotel, theatrical and music-hall folk went to the Cavour or Challis's Buffet.

LEICESTER SQUARE was a microcosm of life which glittered and gleamed richly and where one felt it "an occasion" to be. Even the "Tappingtons"—who would request the loan of a "quid" and be grateful for a half-crown—had to look well dressed. And when the theatres were opening, or discharging their audiences at night, real smartness, wealth and gems gleamed and glistened under the lamps of Leicester Square, which shone again in the polished sides of the broughams with their coachmen and tigers.

It was a place where the golden sovereign came into its own—a place of joyous nights and memories . . . and crowds. At nine o'clock it was a wonderful sight.

A FEW days ago I went into Leicester Square at nine o'clock at night. I had been working late and my wife was at a theatre. I was going to meet her. I had not been in the Square at that time for a considerable period, for my district in the West End has changed. I thought I would have a look round this new London, this post-war London, this city which was beginning life anew under all (*Continued on page 61*)

AFTER WORK AND AFTER PLAY

WRIGHT'S IS RIGHT THROUGHOUT THE DAY

MOTHER

DAUGHTER

FATHER

SON

WRIGHT'S IS RIGHT FOR EVERYONE

Wright's

is right for everyone

IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY

Hutton

NOMAD
MODEL

it's toasted Crepe

Compare the Value

of

NORTHAMPTON

the benefits one read of in the papers. I thought I would see how the new night life compared with the old night life, and what the gayest spot of my youth was like under the new conditions of the brave new world in which we live. I thought I would like to see how people behaved nowadays in the West End, what they talked about in the pubs, what was going on in general. I looked in at a couple of pubs on my way to the Square. The streets had seemed strangely empty as I went along. In the first pub were two soldiers talking to a tired and idle barmaid. Nobody else. In the second a man and his wife sat at a small table sipping beer, whilst behind the bar a yawning barmaid was knitting. The third pub yielded three foreigners in a corner speaking rapidly in whispers in some unknown tongue. The barmaid was reading a magazine. This was the West End at nine at night. Evidently the pubs were no good to me.

I ENTERED Leicester Square. The lights were all down because of fuel saving. It was no longer the Scotsman's cinema. One man stood on the corner looking aimlessly about him, a few people were making their way to the tube station. I wondered where everybody was.

Then I remembered the milk bars. That's the place, I said to myself, that is where they go now. There were several about as I glanced along the almost deserted pavements and the practically empty roadway of Leicester Square. I chose one and went in. There were some half a dozen young females therein, and judging from attire and accent, one of the nearer eastern suburbs was their habitat. I ordered a cup of coffee and a cake. I got the coffee and had an argument about the cake, for I could not eat the highly coloured varieties which strewed the dishes quite profusely. At last I was granted a rock cake, much to the indignation of the young lady in charge. "Wot's the matter wiv these?" she demanded, pointing to a rainbow-hued display, "they're all right, I tell yer." "I'm sure of it," I said politely, "but they are too rich for me. I am on a diet." She sniffed unbelievingly. I tendered a half-crown for my cake and coffee and she had a battle with a cash register. She rang up eightpence, after a lot of cogitation, and gave me threepence change. I pointed out, still very politely, that our ideas of arithmetic differed, as did our choice in cakes, and that eightpence from thirty pence left rather more than threepence. She went back to the cash register, bumped it about, clicked open a drawer, emptied in a bag of coppers and then returned with the right change. I thanked her. Then I listened.

Most of the young ladies present were discussing film stars in general and their boy friends in particular. One of them intrigued me greatly. "So I ses to 'im, I ses," she remarked, "it's no use you comin' 'anging rahnd after me, I ses, because you and me don't mix, I ses. I've got other ideas, I ses. I ain't wastin' me time. A man wot can take a girl aht, I ses, and can't raise a packet of fags, I ses, ain't my idea of a man at all. So now." Her friend, who had not once stopped licking her ice cream, gurgled agreement.

OUTSIDE the milk bar a few people passed, a very few, and most of them foreigners. But against the pavement, in the middle of Leicester Square, at 9 p.m., with its pedal resting on the kerb, was a man's bicycle. On this sat a young lady in a bright jumper and a pair of green trousers. She sat on the saddle, and she too licked ice cream. Opposite her, wheel to wheel, in exactly the same attitude, sat her boy friend. Both of them were hatless. Of the two the male coiffure was the best and most elaborate. They spoke not, they gave their full attention to their ice cream cornets, their tongues working hard. It is my fixed opinion that the outlook of youth to-day is frequently bounded by a packet of fags and an ice cream cornet. Also that the next generation will have tongues which have the reaching power of those possessed by lizards.

The young man finished his cornet first.

Good-Bye Leicester Square

The girl then spoke. " 'Ave another, ducks?" she said. The male seemed undecided. "Go on, 'ave another," she encouraged him, "won't 'urt yer. 'Ere, I'll get it." She leapt from her precarious seat without upsetting the bicycle, came in, bought her escort—or perhaps she was the escort, who knows in these days—another cornet.

He had taken out his comb and was doing his hair, which shone in the light as once did those carriages I remembered. He put the comb in his breast pocket, nodded and started on the ice. She got back into her seat. Nobody seemed to be enjoying themselves. Nobody was smiling. Every face was serious and even the conversation was subdued. All except in one corner, where a man sat, talking loudly. Most of the staff had moved up to listen. I moved up, too. He was well dressed and looked quite prosperous, as things go to-day, when shabbiness is the rule of the coupons. He was eating what I understand is a "hamburger," one of the many forms of American infiltration into this country. But his voice was not that of the U.S.A. It came from nearer home. He was telling the world what a rotten—lousy was the word he used—country this was and that he held it in contempt. He had come here, he said, after the blitz. He had got a good job, he was earning good money, but the country was rotten and everyone in it slaves. He cursed the food, the drink, the government, it was all so much better at home. He was off in a week's time to his country where he would get as much food and drink as he liked and he'd be glad to see Dublin again. Oh yes, he would come back here to his job, but it was a lousy country anyway. The staff eyed him stolidly. Nobody answered him. Maybe it was not the country of most of them either. They did not look as if it were.

I walked along the north side of the Square, which was almost without population. I turned a corner. A female form approached, looking just like any of those girls I had seen in the milk bar but perhaps slightly more respectable. There came to my ears the age-old whining question of the lady of the town. It was quite a shock, because she did not look like it, she looked just like most of the other women I had seen about. I walked on quickly but she was the only thing I had seen which was in some degree as it used to be. And even she did not look like the old-timers—her individuality had gone.

I WENT to the theatre to meet my wife. I had rung up the box office earlier to ask what time the show was over. They had told me the wrong time. I don't suppose they knew, for box offices are no longer from ten to ten, as they used to be. Like the rest of the world, they close early. The audience poured out. Only a sprinkling were in evening dress and a large proportion chattered in a foreign tongue. My wife and I walked down the street to the tube station. I took her across Leicester Square just so that she could see what it was like. There were rather more people about then, because a cinema was disgorging its audience, who came out silent and furtive as if they had been participating in unholy rites instead of enjoying themselves. I remembered what it was like when the audiences came out of Daly's, the Empire, the Alhambra, The Prince of Wales's and the Hippodrome.

At the entrance to Leicester Square tube station, I turned and looked back. "They were right," I said. "Who were?" asked my wife. "The boys in 1914," I replied. "You remember 'Tipperary':

> 'Good-bye Piccadilly,
> Farewell, Leicester Square.' "

That was prophetic. It was good-bye, Leicester Square, indeed . . . it was much gayer and brighter in the tube. . . . That old "Sister" act of my youth could not have sung their song about Leicester Square nowadays. It would have been silly. But perhaps they would have sung about Broadway—about the Great White Way—and perhaps they would have been right.

END

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Poor Uneasy Thief

(*Continued from page* 19)

personality? The learned men who studied cases of this kind and used big words to describe them, insisted that it did. Though how could they know? How *could* they? By observation, she supposed—by watching people and the way they behaved over a long period of time. But did the mind have a strange, mysterious, independent life? Couldn't one rule and regulate it by one's will—or did it rule the will? Or were the two things so interlocked that the one affected the other . . . like tampering with the works of a watch, so that one never knew if it was going to tell the right time?

She put the wallet in her drawer. Better lock it. It wouldn't do to have it stolen in turn from her. That would involve her in the strangest way. A secret shared with a thief . . . with *another* thief. She wondered if there would be any display of honour in such circumstances.

The light was running out of the day, and very little of it ever came into her room. She had planned to cook herself a simple meal on the gas ring and then go, perhaps, for a shilling to the pictures. But she had now the ingredients of an elaborate meal with her, and she could buy herself a more comfortable seat in the cinema if she cared to be indulgent. But, strangely, she did not feel at all like eating. The strawberries that had looked so tempting in the shop when she could not afford to buy them, seemed tasteless and uninviting on the table in her room. Poor, uneasy thief. Now where had she read that? In Shakespeare possibly. "Poor, uneasy thief that . . ."—how did it go . . .?

She left the things on the table, the wallet locked in her drawer, slammed the door behind her, and walked towards the river. Night after night she came and stood against the parapet here and gazed across the river when there wasn't enough money to go anywhere else. Across the ashen, darkening water that still retained the light, were the black, green-tinted trees of Battersea Park and the lighter brick and concrete blocks, turreted and chimneyed, with their labels of ownership. Through the arches of Battersea Bridge she caught opalescent glimpses of Whistlerian sky and water, studded with buoys and boats. . . . The beauty drained gently out of the scene and merged into the night, which, while it covered all with its pall, sprinkled it, too, with luminous points of gold that gave a significance to the shadows flitting to and fro across the bridge.

In the darkness her crime became more awful and began to glow with an intenser light than any around her. Thus the distraction and release she had obtained from a contemplation of the recurrent miracle of day's decline, which had stroked so tenderly and soothed her tormented mind, completely left her; and her thoughts began to skirt again the howling awareness of her terrible lapse. Strange that the two counterpoised forces within one should each glow so strongly in turn—the temptation, from which she could make no escape, and, once she had yielded, the sense of guilt which could not be driven out of her throbbing senses. Nothing that poverty and want could rouse of sleeping fears was equal to this writhing agitation in one's soul. The shadow of the cathedral seemed to lie heavily upon her conscience and the regretful "If——" that confronted her in all its awfulness made her acutely conscious of the unsuspected force that resides within us all. How could she lay its spirit now? How?

As she walked slowly back to her room, indignation rose within her, not against herself, but against Fate, against circumstances . . . for the opportunity Fate had given her and the need that had made her ear attentive to the voice of temptation. The plump little woman, so careless with her money, seemed deliberately to have been placed in front of her. Every incident, the emptiness of the shop, the averted faces all seemed to have conspired to cheat her of her peace of mind. How then was it her fault? And what had she gained? The money was useless amid such martyrdom, such a flaying of the mind. . . . She must try to overcome it, since Fate had apparently so willed it, and the woman quite obviously deserved to lose her money.

She entered her room and put on the coffee. She went to the table and nibbled at a strawberry. It was delicious. She helped herself liberally and sprinkled sugar from her small store upon them, but the relish she anticipated seemed to elude her, despite her adjusted attitude of thought.

Lying in bed, she found she could not sleep. The night was close and stifling and the air unable to get into her room through the wide-open window. She went and stood by it and the sky growled at her in anger, as though disapproving of what she had done. Barefooted, she pattered back to bed. The night-gown was clammy about her knees and clung to her breasts as she turned and tossed; and, after a time, the fury of the elements were let loose in a storm that shattered the peace and poured the oceans down outside her window, spraying her bed until she got up and slammed the window down.

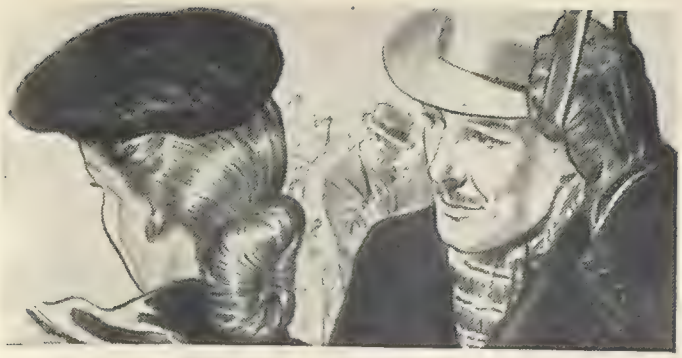
"All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall." It was, of course, in no way linked with what she had done. A theft could not produce a storm and the elements could not conspire to express their disapproval with such noise and violence; but in contriving to keep her awake, it made more acute her awareness of her guilt, which shook and taunted her through the long, restless night.

In the morning she began to see that the only deliverance from the unending inanity of her dilemma was by restitution. The woman's name was on her identity card. She could go to Cheyne Walk, which was just round the corner, ring the bell at the door, and. . . . But what should she say? That she had *found* the wallet? Yes, that would be the best way out.

But she could not bring herself to do it. A self-conscious shame suffused her, and then a reluctance to part with what had become hers. It would mean losing something that she so desperately needed and had already begun to allocate for urgent payments. The woman was doubtless rich, the sum no more than a trifle to her. It seemed a folly to fling away so vast a sum which, by her own endeavour, by seizing opportunity as men did in the City every day over the phones, or overnight across the green of the gaming tables. . . . Yes, it would be madness to give it up.

THE new day did not bring any mental composure. To combat and vanquish her misgivings she resolved to spend some more of the money, and bought herself a pretty yellow jumper, whose golden tint displayed her own dark hair and olive complexion to advantage. She put it on at once so that it should not, as did the strawberries, arouse any diffidence within her. More of the money was spent on a matinée and a tray of tea in the interval at the theatre—the treat gave her for the moment all the comfort and assurance of affluence; but, once home, another night, equally ravaged by her thoughts and her conscience, stretched ahead of her.

Every hour that passed contrived to make more of a thief of her, and on the third day trivial incidents that would ordinarily have been ignored or attended with but a regretful shake of the head, she began nervously to fit together in a pattern of superstition. The bearded young man, for whom she had so often posed, passed her in the King's Road with the curtest of nods. Sir Frank who, despite his eminence, had always stopped to talk, seemed to-day not to see her until she called "Hallo" to him; then he fluttered a hairy hand above his head, cried "How are you, my dear?" and, like jesting Pilate, did not wait for her answer. Then a glove had been left in the bus, and her phoned calls to both terminal garages were without success. Her luck, she felt, had got worse. A curse had come upon her with the theft, and all attempts at reassurance, by tracing the careers of successful swindlers, were without avail. A curse there was on (*Continued on page* 64)



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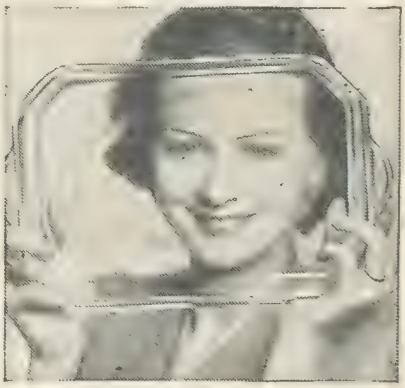

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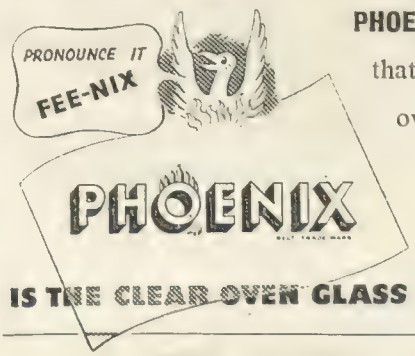

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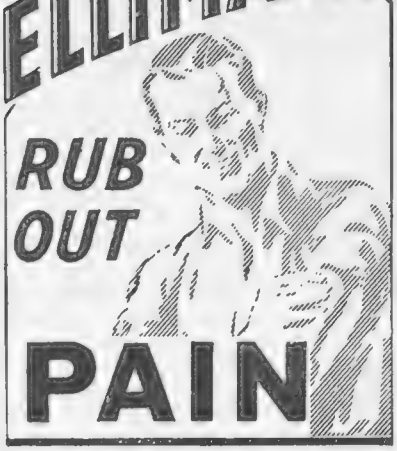

her mind if on nothing else—the curse of the woman she had wronged, and restitution seemed still the only way out. . . .

But if no grievous wrong had been done, if the woman's need was not as great as her own. . . . She could, of course, go and see for herself. The address was there on the identity card. It should be possible to tell by a glance at the flat, at the servant who let her in, the abundance of flowers, the piled fruit-plates—if they were piled with fruit—what the circumstances were. But an embarrassment overcame her at the thought of the visit. What should she say when she arrived? On what excuse was she to gain admision into the flat? And then, if the restitution had to be made. . . . She was filled with misgivings, but grappled with them and after hours of doubt and uneasiness, at last, in the afternoon, decided that she would call.

CHEYNE WALK was only just round the corner from her. The block of flats she knew well—an elegant, expensive block, with large, handsome limousines drawn up haughtily along the drive.

The lift took her up to the fifth floor. The brass of the letter slot had not been polished, she saw: it had apparently been neglected for weeks and was a dull, dirty curry in colour. It implied that there was no servant.

Timidly Veronica rang the bell.

She heard a cautious footstep advance a pace or two, then stop.

"Who is it?" a woman's voice called, equally timidly.

"Veronica Slade. I'd like to see Mrs. Gascoigne—please." Her own voice was firm, but it had been an effort to steady herself.

The bolts were shot back—two sets of bolts—and the door opened cautiously.

"Yes?"

She recognized the plump, little woman.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Gascoigne. You don't know me. . . ."

"What do you want?" the woman interrupted.

Veronica looked past her, along the small hallway and beyond it. She noticed bare patches on the walls where pictures had been.

"What do you want?" the woman asked again sharply, in a voice charged with mounting suspicion.

"May I come in for a moment? I'd like to talk to you privately."

"What about? What do you want to see me about?"

There were no flowers. The place was sparsely furnished. Marks on the carpet where furniture had stood suggested that things had been taken out and sold.

"I believe you lost a wallet."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gascoigne, her brow darkening. "Yes. Do you know where it is?" Her voice was high and excited. There had been too much money in the wallet for her to hope that she might ever recover it. The anguish of the loss, from which she had not fully recovered, returned now in a flood . . . the moment of discovery, when she returned to this flat with her few meagre purchases at the shops. . . . The moment by the bed, when, with her hat and coat still on, she felt for her purse, to count up the sums paid for the things she had sold. . . . The frantic groping in the red raffia bag—the emptying of all its contents on the counterpane—the feeling of despair and panic that clawed behind her eyes—the turning over of all the contents one by one—the frantic journey back, from shop to shop, asking, inquiring, in eager, tumbling words: "A red wallet . . .? I'm not sure if it was here I dropped it. . . ." The visit to the police, and the sweep of devastation through her senses as she emerged, for they could hold out no hope, no hope at all that it would ever be found . . . and the slow, numbing realization of what the loss meant—for there was little left that she could sell now. That striking composition in white china patterned with gold, of a jovial eighteenth-century squire in knee breeches and tricorne hat riding a rather large bearded goat, which had belonged to her grandfather, brought only fifteen pounds—the three fivers she had in the wallet. The six lovely Bristol glass tumblers and the matching Bristol glass sweet bowls only four pounds

ten—all of it in cash. She had wanted the small Sickart painting of boats in Dieppe harbour to be paid for in cash, too, but the cheque for twelve guineas was the only sum that might really be saved; she had asked for the cheque to be stopped. These small assembled sums, so urgently needed to pay the rent, to stop the telephone being cut off, and, even more urgently, for the hospital where her daughter, so frail for so long, was recovering slowly after an operation—how could this sum be replaced now? She had planned a brief convalescence in the brisk, enlivening air of Margate, which she had now to abandon. She had wept on her return from the police, wept copiously, inconsolably, hot-eyed, angry with herself, angry with Fate, dull and stunned, not knowing where to turn.

"Can I come in?" Veronica repeated, awed by the woman's silence.

"No," she snapped back. "I told you you can't. Where is it? Have you got it?"

"Yes," she said. "I found it."

"Found it? Where did you find it?" She held out her hand.

"You must have dropped it somewhere. . . ."

A sudden glow came into the little, plump woman's eyes. She seized the girl by the wrist and dragged her into the hall. Then quickly she shut the door and flashed both bolts firmly, standing, as this was done, with her back against it to prevent escape.

"Found it?" she repeated. "You must have stolen it. I remember you. It was in that shop—the greengrocer's. You were just behind me. I thought I felt you touch my bag. . . ."

"Just a minute, Mrs. Gascoigne. . . ."

"No. You come in here." She seized her again and dragged her into the inner room. "I'm going to fetch the police. Three days. . . . You've had the wallet for three days. There was my identity card inside. Why didn't you come before?"

Veronica could think of nothing to say. The woman picked up the telephone receiver, but no buzz came from it. She flashed the rest impatiently, dialled for operator, flashed again, listened for a moment, then put the receiver back. The phone was dead. It had been cut off.

"Well?" She turned to her visitor. "What have you to say for yourself? Do you deny that you stole it?"

"No," said Veronica softly.

"Oh! So you admit you're a thief."

"Well. . . . I admit that I stole it. You were careless. The temptation was your doing. . . . I'm not really a thief—or I would not have brought it back."

Mrs. Gascoigne put out her hand again. "Give it to me."

"I don't suppose you're interested in my explanations and excuses. . . ."

"No. Give it to me," she repeated, still holding out her hand.

"In a minute. Do you mind if I sit down?"

The woman did not answer. Veronica sat down all the same.

"If you're going to hand me over to the police. . . ."

"I must. There is the law. A thing like this must be dealt with in the proper way."

"If I were a thief, I would not have brought it back. Do you realize that?"

"Give it to me. Would you mind handing it over to me? It is not your property."

"Certainly. But what I want to say——"

"I'm not interested in what you say. I want my wallet back."

"Here it is." She opened her bag. "The cheque . . . the personal points for sweets . . . the snapshot of—is it your daughter? . . . and the three fivers. I'm afraid I spent the rest."

"You *what*?"

"I was in desperate need. I'm going through a frightful time. I'm sure you understand what that means."

"I do. You contributed to it most cruelly. You must be punished. You are a thief." She snatched the wallet and began to count the money.

"Aren't you grateful for getting so much of it back? You might (*Continued on page* 66)

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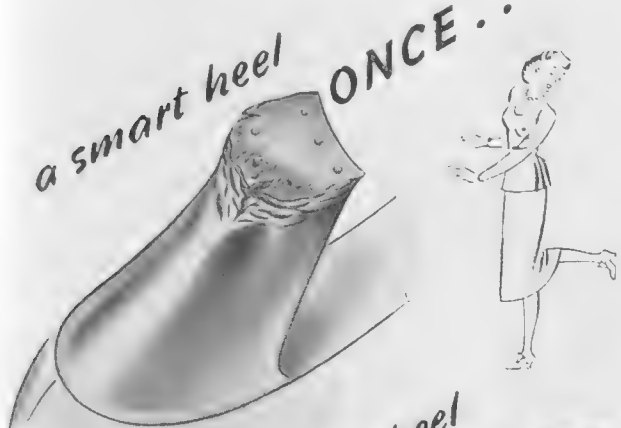

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have got nothing," Veronica said.

"Where's the rest?"

"I'll pay it back—if you give me time."

"The police will have to decide that."

"You are bent on punishing me."

"Quite, quite determined on it. You had no right to this. Trying to blame it on me. My carelessness, indeed!"

"A thousand people would have taken advantage of it."

"*Ten* thousand people, being honest, would have drawn my attention to it."

"And of the thousand who had taken it how many do you imagine would have brought it back?"

"I'm not interested in that."

"But you are glad to get it back all the same."

"Well, it's mine, isn't it?"

"And do you think the police could have got it back for you?"

"Well. . . ." Mrs. Gascoigne pursed her lips and looked at an empty patch on the wall.

Veronica rose from the settee.

"Mrs. Gascoigne. I've never done anything like this before—except once as a child, and I gave the purse back then, too. I've been battling desperately not to slip. I want to get right with myself—that's why I've come to you. If you won't help me now, all I've tried to do will have been in vain. I might as well have kept the wallet if you're to brand me now as a thief."

The little, plump woman stared at her fixedly. After a time her eyes softened.

"Go," she said. "Will you please go."

Veronica looked at her, then walked slowly to the door. Here, quickly, her heart palpitant at the prospect of escape, she drew back the bolts and let herself out; and, in her haste, slammed the door behind her. She did not wait for the lift, but raced towards the stairs. As she turned the bend she heard the door open again and a voice call to her.

"Just a moment. Wait."

She stopped and peered round the stair well.

"Here," the woman said, and held something out in her plump, trembling hand.

The girl stared at it. There were two pound notes.

"Here. Bring them back when you bring in the rest," she said, and without "Good-bye," shut the door quickly again.

END

Poor Uneasy Thief

Ruffle Stitch Blouse

(*Continued from page* 36)

wools and continue in yellow, knitting the first row then continuing in rib until work measures 20½ ins., without stretching, from cast on edge.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 on next 8 rows. Leave last 33 on safety-pin for back neck.

THE FRONT

Work this exactly like the back until 133rd row (yellow, k.) has been done.

DIVIDE FOR NECK

Rib 40, take 2 tog., put next (centre) 13 on safety-pin for front neck, turn, and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 32 rem. Work straight until this part of front measures 1 in. longer than back, measured from cast-on edge.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 on next 4 alt. rows at armhole edge.

Join wool, wrong side of work facing, to rem. 42 and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

Sew right shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, with No. 12 needles and yellow wool, pick up 30 sts. round left front neck edge, 13 from front pin, 30 round right front neck edge, and 33 from back neck pin (106); work 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, then cast off fairly loosely. Sew up left shoulder seams, leaving about 2 ins. open at neck edge for fastening.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and yellow wool, cast on 80 sts. Work 2 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to patt. for 9 rows *but* use blue for 1st and 2nd rows, instead of pink.

10th row.—With No. 8 needles, working in white, (p. 1, p. 2 tog.) to last 3, p. 3 tog. (106). Continue in patt. as from 11th row (*but* use blue for 11th and 12th rows, pink for 1st, 2nd, 11th and 12th rows of next patt.) to 20th row inclusive (still 106 on needle).

SHAPE TOP exactly as for back armhole (82 after 12 rows, then 164, then 158, then 79). Continue in patt. but dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row, including 3rd rows (k. 2 tog., inc. into every st. until 2 rem., k. 2 tog.) until 30 sts. rem.; cast off in yellow, taking 2 tog. right across row as you go.

TO COMPLETE

Do not press, as this would spoil ruffled effect. Sew in sleeves, matching stripes as far as possible. Join side and sleeve seams. Arrange fastening on left shoulder—either button and loop, press studs or miniature zipp fastener.

END

Cable-Waist Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 36)

Work to correspond to back (with the 3 ins. cable at waist line) until 16 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 60 sts. remain. Work for 2 ins. Change to the 4 rows cable patt. and work until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the Right Front with the shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 56 sts. Rib 2 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to the 4 rows cable patt. Work 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and the first 2 rows of patt. Work 2 ins., then inc. one st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 88 sts. and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 3 sts. at the next 4 rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for ¾ in. Make buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 4. Rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib 122 sts., cast on 4. Rib 4. Rib 2 rows. Cast off.

FRONT STRIP

With No. 12 needles cast 12 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 5 ins.

Make buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 4. Rib 4. Continue making buttonholes one in. apart. (9 more.) Make another strip omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece *flatly* on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the buttonhole strip to the right side front. Sew on left side front. Sew on neck band. Press all seams, sew on buttons.

END

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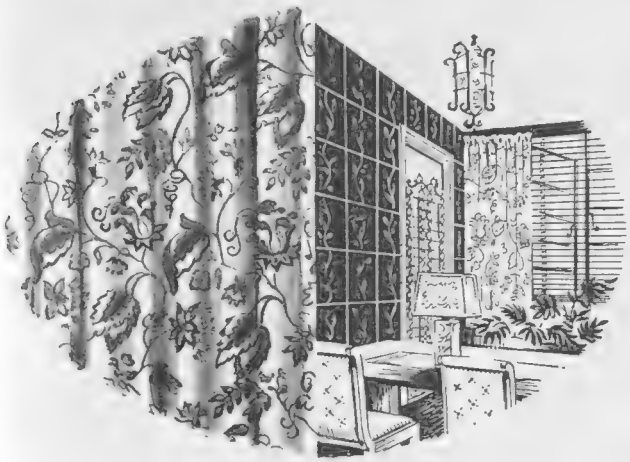

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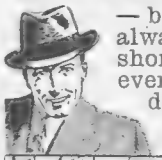

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Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

the magic of the uncommon touch on common things, the city of his boyhood!

BELFAST is the setting of Mr. F. L. Green's **"Mist on the Water"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), and his two young crooks, Pelancey and Barty, must be the windiest in fiction. They are so jittery in blackmailing a local businessman over a letter they have found that one wonders why he didn't hoof them downstairs; after his suicide they are eternally wrangling with their consciences and getting into a lather. Within the limits of this psychological unreality the story is a vivid one of suspense and dramatic climax, in Mr. Green's distinctive style.

IN 1921 Mr. Maurice Collis, as district administrator, visited the island of Manaung on the Burma coast and heard the legend of the god of the Red Mount whose presence drenched the hill with an unearthly scent. **"The Descent of the God"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is the story of its origin and the pilgrimage of a king of Arawak in quest of the god, who eludes him but favours his queen. Part fantasy or allegory, it has the tapestried beauty of all Mr. Collis's eastern work.

WITH Mr. George Lancing's **"Dragon in Chains"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) we are wafted yet farther east to the China of Kwang Hsu, the last Emperor to hold the Dragon Throne until treachery and western infiltration cut across his schemes to liberate his country from invasion. A ruthless, sadistic mother, an abhorred wife, and a much-loved concubine, as exquisite as her name Lustrous Pearl, add drama and colour to a glittering romance of Old Cathay.

IT would seem difficult to find a new theme for a Napoleonic novel, but Mr. Willa Gibbs has one in **"Tell Your Sons"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.): the struggle of an idealistic young officer to free himself from the domination of his old schoolmate, Bonaparte, whom he both loves and hates as general, friend, and seducer of the girl he wants to marry. This conflict in loyalty, which breaks his sanity, gives psychological interest to a story of 450 pages packed with campaigning incident.

IN **"Angel With Spurs"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Paul I. Wellman has found even a new angle on the American Civil War: the expedition of General Shelby's Confederate brigade to join the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico rather than live under Yankee domination after Lee's defeat. It proved to be a vain quest, but like many lost causes it has a touch of the epic and a romantic love story to soften the frustration.

READERS who like stories about children will find three charmingly sophisticated ones in Miss Oriel Malet's **"Miss Josephine and the Colonel"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.)—orphans from a Valparaiso earthquake who are taken to Europe by a young girl. Their varied adventures in Cardiff, Paris, Ardelais and Brighton are related with imaginative skill and a tender beauty typified by the final leave-taking: "The moon came out between the stars and now there was only the shadow of the almond tree lying on the ground where the children had run, like a finger, pointing. . ."

WHEN a humorous artist writes a thriller we may expect the excitement and suspense to have its lighter moments. Mr. Nicholas Bentley in his spy drama **"The Tongue-Tied Canary"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) does not disappoint. Cornered by three villains with a gun, his ex-M.I. sleuth says gaily—to hide his funk—"I thought your Bible-meeting was to-morrow?" Smiles even break into the final roof-chase and shoot-up. A gay spot of detection, serious enough where it should be.

MR. ERIC BAUME'S short stories have the virtue of slick understatement and emotion deftly implied rather than stated. **"Unrehearsed Incident"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) includes some from this magazine as well as the minor epic **"Five Graves at Nijmegen."** Most have the war for background, which gives them now an added period interest. Do you remember . . .?

OTHER books recommended to readers include:

"Taken at the Flood," by Agatha Christie (The Crime Club, 8s. 6d.); **"Dark Wanton,"** by Peter Cheyney (Collins, 8s. 6d.); **"The Silver Bough,"** by Neil M. Gunn (Faber, 9s. 6d.); **"Willow Farm,"** by Dorren Wallace (Collins, 8s. 6d.); **"Happy Yesterdays,"** by Major C. S. Jarvis (Country Life, 10s. 6d.); **The Olio Cookery Book,** by L. Sykes (Ernest Benn, 8s. 6d.); **"The Midnight Reader,"** edited and with an introduction by Philip van Doren Stern (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.); **"Enchanted Trails,"** by Sir Christopher Gibson (Museum Press, 16s.).

END

They Learn By Night

(*Continued from page 20*)

unaccustomed trades, these aims appealed at once to working Londoners. Fifteen hundred paying members joined at once, and in 1824 a lecture on chemistry drew an audience of nearly a thousand.

IN the main industrial areas the response was the same. Within two years there were institutes at Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool, and soon they spread to almost every manufacturing town. By 1850 about 107,000 men (and women) were enrolled at 700 centres up and down the country.

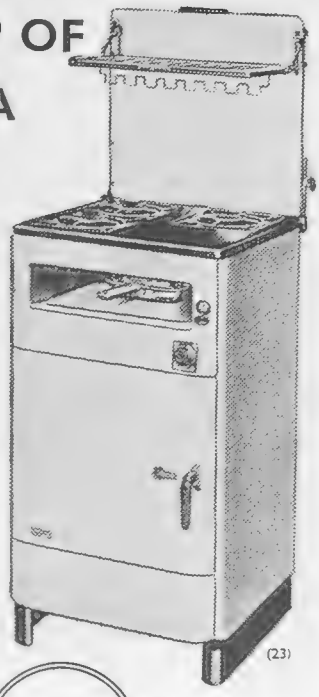
But the institutes did not turn out quite as their founders had hoped. At the very first, evening schools for workers were opposed as disturbing the established order; lecturers were not always suitable; at some centres funds ran low; clerks, ousted from their own "Athenaeums" by their employers, drifted into the institutes and discouraged the working-class members who, anyway, resented the charity-giving attitude of some of their patrons and therefore began to stay away. All these causes, together with the fact that State grants were withheld from the institutes because they gave no religious instruction, were too much for the movement that Birkbeck and his colleagues had started, and little is heard of it after the 'fifties.

Strictly utilitarian in purpose, the Mechanics' Institutes have as their modern counterpart the technical colleges. But side by side with them existed a venture comparable to the W.E.A. and other bodies which educate in a wider way. This was the string of mutual improvement societies, organized by working men themselves, that sprang up in the 'forties as centres for organized sparetime study of literature, philosophy and even languages. These, too, did not survive for more than a decade or so. Such developments had to wait for a good half-century for the Government support and powerful private backing that were the only effective means of putting them on a lasting footing.

Adult education, which for the great majority means evening study, now increasingly has that support and backing. Its facilities have grown enormously since 1900, and they are still growing. And no longer are they open only to townsmen. Already villagers in Cambridgeshire have their rural colleges and isolated Cumberland folk are being visited by a travelling educational service. All of which goes to show that for city-dweller and countryman alike, school days need be only the beginning of learning.

END

HOW LONG IS A CUP OF TEA ?



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Going Racing? (*Continued from page 25*)

"scratchily," never flipping out their toes beyond their noses, but seeming to put them down again as near as possible to the spot where they left the ground, clutch your money in your hand and wait for a change in the weather.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Some of the most beautiful horses ever foaled have been unable to move fast enough to keep themselves warm; and some ewe-necked, bandy-legged, half-lame objects of pity have won race after race in defiance of the laws of nature: but in time these phenomena become public landmarks, which everyone backs or avoids backing, according to the reputations they have earned.

Apart from movement and general bearing, there are many points to notice when trying to assess a good racehorse: these are too numerous to set down here, and some of them are too subtle to be observed in the paddock.

One desirable physical attribute in a horse is a short back: this contributes to his strength, and another strengthening asset is that his hind legs should be straight, below the hocks, which should be near to the ground. The hind legs, especially the hocks, provide the motive power which propels the horse, and any physical defect in them will soon make itself felt in a fast gallop.

Another thing to notice in a racehorse is its pasterns—the part of the leg immediately above the hoof. If these are straight and stiff, it is unlikely that the horse will be a good galloper, especially on hard ground; but if they are flexible and set at a good angle to the fetlock joint, they will act as springs and enable the horse to move freely and with greater speed. A horse with straight pasterns gives the impression of standing permanently on tiptoe, but this attitude should not be confused with the terms: "on his toes."

Every race card should (and most of them do) print the breeding of all the runners, for the interest and help of patrons of racing. Some sires seldom or never get stayers—Fair Trial and Denturius are two present day examples of this rule—while others go in for the reverse; and it is not usually a good plan to back two-year-olds by these horses, until the latter part of the season, when they can race over distances longer than six furlongs.

So pick your fancy in the paddock; take a look at his breeding, as laid down on the card; watch him canter to the post and then put your money on. If he loses, you may retire to the bar in digust, surreptitiously drawing that neglected pin from beneath the lapel of your coat; but if he wins, go and draw your money, with the additional satisfaction of being able to say:

"I backed the winner of the two-thirty entirely on my own judgement!"

END

The Human Element (*Continued from page 32*)

harmless enough. A plain brown-covered box, about as large as a portable wireless set, with an aperture like a post-box near the top, and a narrower aperture near the bottom, and ranged along each side a series of knobs like organ stops and a series of switches like a switchboard. A homely and re-assuring touch was supplied by the handle which Mr. Merriam had wrenched from his suitcase and firmly nailed into place.

He finished it at half-past five in the afternoon, and his urge for secrecy compelled him to wait until six, when Mrs. Balsam would be gone, for the first trial. And he would start it as one would a child, upon an easy problem first. It should add up that damned milk book!

He fetched the milk book from the kitchen, and then, locking the door of his workroom behind him, approached the machine. With a deliberate, unfaltering hand he pressed the master switch and listened with satisfaction to the soft pulsing sound which announced that the wires had become alive and that the machine was ready for work. Then he touched a knob marked "Simple Calculation" and another labelled "English Currency," and leaning forward exposed the relevant pages of the milk book to the sheet of what looked like blackened glass in the top of the machine behind the handle. There was a silence, broken only by the pulsing, and lasting for less than half a minute—and if Mr. Merriam were excited he gave no sign—and then a pleasant, cultured voice, reminiscent of a B.B.C. announcer's sounded in the quiet room, "The total is eight shillings and sevenpence halfpenny."

Mr. Merriam showed no surprise, no particular elation. He seized his stub of pencil and drew a firm line below the milkman's clumsy figures and in his own precise ones jotted down the total. That would give the milkman and Mrs. Balsam something to think about! And hard upon that innocent, almost childishly triumphant thought came another; how helpless, until this moment, had he been in Mrs. Balsam's hands, and in fact in the hands of any clown or lout who could manage to add. Suspicion dawned for the first time. He abandoned his plan for putting the machine through its paces, for switching from simple calculation to the mechanism dealing with square roots and percentages, permutations and combinations and all the rest of it, and instead spent a whole hour running old accounts over before that all-seeing, unerring eye. He was astonished, not by the performance of the thing he had made, but by the enormous, the shattering number of mistakes thus revealed. Here, in this room, within the healing radius of the machine, he could understand the significance of the figures; and the machine was there to check and confirm him; he could see where the mistakes occurred, and he could see something more disturbing than simple mistakes, the digit "one" which made nine shillings into nineteen, the household cheque which had been drawn twice and sometimes three times in one month. Solemn and appalled he made a long list of the things which he must discuss with Mrs. Balsam.

When that was done he turned with relief to the further testing of the machine and confirmed what he knew already, that he had made the invention of the age. It was as though the mathematical imp which had lived in Mr. Merriam's brain and exploited it until it was worn out, had taken up residence in this superior dwelling. There was nothing which Mr. Merriam in his prime had been able to do which the brown covered box could not do as well. By midnight Mr. Merriam had proved this by the most extensive, searching tests he could think of and then—quite exhausted—he switched off the control, locked the door of the room and went to write two letters.

He had planned them when he saw how the machine was shaping. They were masterly in their control. They stated exactly what the machine could do and how simply it was operated. One was addressed to the man who had been Mr. Merriam's immediate superior in the bank and the other to the minister to whose department Mr. Merriam had been "lent" at the time of his breakdown. Both letters contained an invitation, almost an order, for the recipient to come and see for himself the truth of Mr. Merriam's claims. He posted the letters before he went to bed.

In the morning he remembered that there was something he wanted to say to Mrs. Balsam. He asked her to spare him a minute and he got out the sheet of paper upon which he had jotted down his facts. But there, in the sitting-room where the interview took place, the figures meant nothing, he could not even read them and after a few incoherent, rambling complaints he abandoned the attempt to call Mrs. Balsam to account. That would do later. Mrs. Balsam returned to her dusting with the reflection that the poor gentleman was getting worse.

Mr. Merriam began to watch for the postman. No letter came, and on the third day Mr. Merriam took up his pen again. This time he wrote at greater length, expatiating upon the importance of his invention, lauding the performance of the machine. In his letter to the minister he even indulged in a purple passage or two. "You and I know that high finance rules the world and that the few men who can juggle with figures hold the destiny of mankind in their hands. Can you afford to ignore what I am offering you?" There was a good deal more, written in this exhortatory strain.

Both the bank official and the government minister knew that Mr. Merriam was mad, that the machine was never made which could do what was claimed for this one. The bank man, upon the receipt of the second letter within a week bade his secretary write a soothing letter, saying that the matter should be kept in mind, and hoping that Mr. Merriam was not overdoing things; but the minister, with the burcaucrat's horror for laying himself open to "a question" decided that the best thing to do was to run down into the country and just look at the madman's invention. So he put into his dispatch-case a few papers dealing with a financial problem which had hitherto baffled all Mr. Merriam's successors, sent a telegram to announce his arrival and reached Mr. Merriam's house one morning at about half-past eleven. Mr. Merriam gave him a glass of sherry and then they went together into the workroom and locked the door.

They came out at three o'clock in the afternoon. The minister's face was the colour of tallow and there was sweat on his forehead and in his palms. The problems in the dispatch-case had been solved by the machine with almost contemptuous ease and the solutions were recorded upon paper. The minister knew the wonder of the thing he had seen and he was awed for the first time in his life—he was a free-thinker by conviction. He took leave of Mr. Merriam with something more than reverence.

Some trace of elation was now visible in Mr. Merriam's bearing and behaviour. The thing was done. By to-morrow Whitehall would be in possession of the secret and from henceforth Mr. Merriam, who could not reckon his milk bill, would, through his machine, rule the whole of the financial and mathematical world.

"Milk Book" reminded him; and as he turned from seeing the minister into his large, official car he called to Mrs. Balsam who was easing her curiosity by doing something unnecessary to the drain in the yard.

"Just come in here a moment, Mrs. Balsam," said Mr. Merriam, and withdrew into the workroom. She followed him. It didn't matter now, he thought, there was no further need for secrecy, and he must have it out with her in the one place where he could still count and reckon.

He made his accusation firmly, but with considerable good humour. He ended it: "I do realize that you were in a position of great temptation; but it mustn't happen again. In fact it can't happen again because in future I shall have a check on you. . . ." And he told her, in simple words, about the most elementary powers of the brown box.

Mrs. Balsam was frightened, and angry and defensive. A pound or two here and there, a shilling now and then, and those cheques when Alf was out of work and Elsie had her appendix out. Nothing very wrong, especially when it wasn't even missed. Now he was saying things like "larceny" and "embezzlement" and that did sound bad. She took refuge in fury.

"Are you calling me dishonest?" she said. And "D'you mean to say you take that thing's word against mine?"

"I am compelled to, Mrs. Balsam. The machine is infallible." (*Continued on page 72*)

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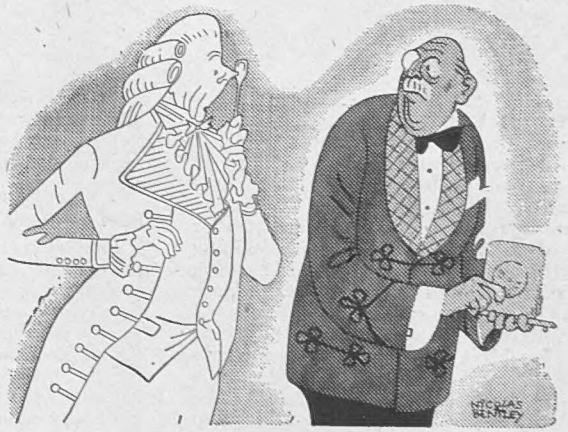

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"Infallible, is it?" shouted Mrs. Balsam, further infuriated by the word she could not understand. "I'll give it infallible." She still held in her hand the length of iron with which she had been poking about in the drain, and now, suddenly lifting it she smote the brown box a heavy blow, and another, and a third. The outer case which Mr. Merriam had made flimsy in order that the machine might be easily portable, split and crumbled. There was a tinkling sound as the glass plate was shattered, a heavier rattle of disturbed metal.

Mr. Merriam looked for a second upon the havoc, then he snatched up the hammer from his tool-box and went for Mrs. Balsam.

Mrs. Balsam, streaming blood and tears and screaming like a banshee got out of the house at last. When they came for Mr. Merriam he was sitting on the floor surrounded by what looked to have been a decent little wireless set before it was smashed. He was sobbing heart-brokenly and raving about an imp in his brain and a machine which could settle all the problems in the world and the wickedness of Mrs. Balsam.

They took him away to the asylum. The one person who could have saved him was the one person who knew that the machine had really existed, had really worked. But the minister was afraid of being involved in anything peculiar. So he kept silence, turned in the answers to the problems as his own work, and gained great kudos.

END

Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On (*Continued from page 28*)

"I'm quite aware of it, my boy. It means what it says. But it doesn't mean it'll start at that price. Probably not more than twenty."

"But——"

"Now dry up. I'm going to switch on. There we are."

"Has anything gone wrong, dear? I, thought last night that——"

"Nothing. *Nothing*. It's got to warm up. Ah! that's it. Might be on the course. Marvellous, isn't it. I can never get over the wireless. Of course, you children——"

"Hush! Father, he's saying some names."

"You'll find yourself in bed, my boy, if you shout at me like that. We know all the runners so there's no need to listen to his blether, whoever he is. Who *is* the commentator?"

"Percival Strang, Father."

"Well, that's something. Anybody but that mincing fellow with a voice like strangled porridge. Shush! Did you hear that? Fez looking well. Of course he is. And he'll be running well in a minute. I suppose that clock's right, Mother? It seems more than ten minutes since—what's he saying? Quiet, everybody. All ready for the starter, he's saying. It'll be any minute now. And not a word from anyone while it's on. Quiet. Dammit! don't shuffle your feet. If you can't—they're off!"

There was no other sound now in the room but the voice of the commentator charged with factitious excitement: "Demeter leading; Demeter ahead; then Alma, Vortex, The Clink, Ruggles, Slavonia. Vortex is going ahead. Vortex in front. Tasty coming up. Vortex in front. Then The Clink, Ruggles, Tasty, Quiz."

"There's nothing about Fez, Fath——"

"Shut-UP!"

"Vortex still leading. Then Quiz, Tasty, Ruggles, The Clink, Peach. Quiz coming up now. Only a hundred yards to go. Quiz'll have it. Quiz leading. It's Quiz's race. Fifty yards. Tasty coming up. They're neck and neck. Tasty's in front. It's Tasty's race. Tasty's the winner. Then Quiz, Vortex, and The Clink."

Mr. Wollington grimaced and regarded his family sourly. "Well, that's a tenner down the drain," he said. "Tasty. What a name! Wonder what the price was?"

"It was forty to one this morning, dear," his wife said.

"Oh, and how do *you* know?"

"Mr. Chivers told me, dear."

"Mr. Chivers!"

"Yes, dear. I went round to see him when I was out shopping."

"You went round to see him!"

"Yes, dear. And I put a pound each way on Tasty. It was money I was going to buy my shoes with but I thought I'd make the old ones do a little longer. But I shan't have to now. Isn't it splendid! How much have I won?"

Mr. Wollington was having difficulty with his breathing; still more in finding adequate words. His lips moved a long minute before he spoke. "Tasty," he said, "Tasty; what in the devil's name——"

"But how much do I get, dear?"

"Oh—er—well, forty did you say? A pound each way. Why that's fifty pounds of course. Well, forty, allowing for my tenner."

"Isn't that lovely. I suppose I'm—I'm sure to get the money, dear?"

"Of course. Chivers is as safe as the bank. But who tipped you Tasty?"

"You did, dear."

"*I* did. Never heard of the damned thing."

"It was your dream, d ar. About Turkey. What could be more tasty than a turkey."

"Good God! Turkeys haven't anything to do with Turkey."

"I thought they came from Turkey, dear."

"Rot. North America. Turkey! Would you believe it!"

"Well, it won, Father, anyhow."

"Never mind about that, my boy. That's not the point. It's accuracy that matters and not a few trumpery pounds. Accuracy. Bear that in mind and you won't go far wrong. And now, Mother, what are we going to do with our little windfall?"

END

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page 42*)

moulding your face with massage you are working on the same principle. For the forehead you start at the frown line. You work upwards and then outwards over the eyebrows and towards the temple.

OWING to the lack of fats in our diet most skins are so dry in these days that the massage cream disappear in no time at all and you will probably need two or three applications. When you have worked at your massage for a good ten minutes or quarter of an hour, wipe off the remaining cream with skin tissues, soak a pad of cotton wool in skin tonic and press this over the face using the same technique as you used for the massage, that is, always upwards and outwards. Be careful not to get a strong astringent. The tonic I would always choose for a fat-starved skin is Arden's Skin Tonic. The tonic application should not take more than five minutes at the most.

For a really efficient facial you need an eye-treatment and for this you should soak two large pads of cotton-wool in an eye tonic such as Optrex, leave a light smear of massage cream around your eyes, place the Optrex pads over your eyes and lie down for ten minutes.

There are two excellent face exercises; one for sagging chin and one for reducing double chins:

FOR SAGGING CHINS

Rest elbows on table. Hold book in the palm of hands. Place chin on book. Open mouth and jaw as wide as you can and press firmly up against the chin. Count ten slowly as you gradually permit jaws to be forced shut, while you resist upward movement of book. Now, with jaws shut and book in same position, count ten slowly while gradually you force the jaws open. *For relaxed throat*, thrust head back as far as it will go, until it rests on the top of the spine. Slowly lift, as if to pull top of head to ceiling, but keep chin in. When raising head, feel it lifting from the back of the ears, closing mouth slowly. Repeat ten times.

FOR REDUCING DOUBLE CHINS

Make a complete circle; starting with head resting on chest, body relaxed. Slowly circle over right shoulder to the back, around to left, describing largest arc possible. Return to front, head in erect position. Pull hard on back muscles during entire circuit. Relax and repeat to left. Alternate ten times. Turn head slowly to right, forcing the head as far around as possible. When chin is over shoulder, bend head slowly backward and forward, pulling backward and forward each time. Be sure not to raise shoulders. Repeat to left. Exercise ten times.

END

The Children Entertain (*Continued from page 47*)

Filling

Biscuits should be crisp (if necessary do this in oven). Crumble finely, cream margarine and sugar and syrup in pan. Add cocoa, mix in crumbs. Leave till cool and shape into eggs.

Roll out marzipan and cut in ovals. Use to cover the crumb eggs. Pinch in pointed ends to resemble hedgehog. Roll in sweetened chocolate powder and stick in strips of almond to resemble prickles. Make features with a skewer and insert chips of currant for eyes if these can be spared.

MELBA CRISPS

Cut wafer thin slices of bread and crisp in the oven till light golden brown. Meanwhile warm 4 oz. dates and 2 oz. peanut butter in a pan and cream together, spread a little lightly on each melba toast being careful not to break and serve warm.

CHERRY MINCE PIE

This makes an attractive centre dish and can be cut in strips after.

Ingredients: ½ lb. biscuit pastry (8 oz. flour, 4 oz. margarine, 1 egg reconstituted or short pastry; teaspoonful sugar and cold water to mix); bottle cherries; about a breakfastcupful mincemeat; 1 oz. sago.

Reserve some cherries for decoration and mix the rest and juice with mincemeat and sago. Leave to stand about 20 minutes. Line oblong baking tin with crust. Spread with the filling. Bake in good oven Regulo 6 or 425°F, about ½ hour. When cold spread over with butter icing and decorate with cherries.

END

1.1.49

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